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ANOTHER CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF "HELBECK OF BANNISDALE."

It is a remarkable fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book has stirred the minds of different Catholics in very different ways. Some of them are full of admiration for Alan Helbeck, and view with strong disapprobation the young woman who gained his heart; others are captivated by her charms and graces, and regard her lover as an unhealthy and morbid ascetic whose practices were not in harmony with the true dictates of his religion, while yet others admire both these characters. Some earnest churchmen bear hearty witness to Mrs. Ward's equity and her honest and faithful representations of Catholic teaching and sentiment; others—though very few—are loud in their denunciations of her unfairness and the prejudiced picture she presents to her readers of the Church's precepts and ethos.

The most hostile of her reviewers, so far as I have observed, is the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., who in an article in this Review for the present month (September) sums up¹ his criticism on her book by declaring it to be a "libel on all things Catholic." In an earlier page² he writes:

After reading and rereading Mrs. Ward's story, I say, without hesitation, there never was a more absurd

travesty of all things Catholic put before the English reader. From first to last it is nothing more than a gross burlesque. . . . By innuendo and suggestion, by a policy of suppression and misrepresentation, by exaggerating the foibles and follies of individual Catholics, and attributing to their religion what is really due to their own whims and eccentricities, Mrs. Ward has succeeded in disparaging the Catholic church in the eyes of all who, through ignorance of the reality, are unable to form a true opinion for themselves. The book is worse than a misrepresentation; it is a calumny.

These are indeed grave charges, but for those who know Father Clarke they will not have the same significance they may possess for others, since persons well acquainted with him know that, however kind in personal intercourse, he is too apt, when a pen is in his hand, to vehemently attack whoever champions a cause he disapproves of, without pausing to count the probable cost of his strong language.

Indeed, he himself tells us³:

I find it hard to write calmly and impartially on a subject that stirs in me keen consciousness of injustice and a feeling of strong indignation.

It is not wonderful, then, if (as is indeed the case) he has not written "calmly."

¹ P. 405.

² P. 459.

³ P. 459.

The facts he brings forward to justify his assertions I will examine later. I desire first to call attention to the opinions he expresses with respect to the hero and heroine of the tale.

Helbeck of Bannisdale is for Father Clarke "an unhealthy, morbid ascetic who commits all kinds of extravagant follies." There is not one word of praise for his conscientiousness, his kindness of heart, his great charity, or for his bearing as a true gentleman. Not one feature of his character is able to elicit a single word of praise. He has nothing but blame for Alan's conduct, which he regards as redounding to the discredit, and merited censure, of his spiritual guides.

Very different is his opinion of Laura, the heroine. His estimate of her I have read with great pleasure, since it agrees so much with my own.*

It is she [he tells us] who chiefly attracts our notice, moves our pity, and, I do not hesitate to add, enlists on her side our sympathy and our love. For Laura Fountain, with all her faults, is a most attractive and lovable girl. Her clinging affection for her father's memory, her strength of will joined to that desire to be conquered, which is an essential part of a true woman, her maidenly reserve, her unselfish devotion in the presence of sorrow and of death, her secret craving after an ideal and her hatred of all that is mean and base and cowardly, her love of purity and her unswerving courage in the face of circumstances the most difficult—all these, to say nothing of her personal grace and beauty, can scarcely fail to win the heart of the reader.

It is an interesting fact that a confrère of Father Clarke, another member of the Society of Jesus, and one certainly not less widely known, takes quite an opposite view to Father Clarke's, of both the hero and the

heroine. As to the former, he has declared* that Alan Helbeck is represented to us as

every inch a gentleman and of a type sprung from the best English blood, disciplined by heroic memories. . . . A thoroughly practical Catholic, translating into his daily life the old Catholic traditions . . . while devotional practices were, the accomplished novelist informs us, the support no less than the comfort of the hero put before us. Alan's love of the poor showed itself in the orphanage which he built and was only able to carry on by making great personal sacrifices for its maintenance . . . he is the soul of honor, courtly and gentle, with little taste for society save that of priests. . . . He seems to have taken a pride in keeping his house and grounds much as they ever had been since the day when the man who had planned them had refused to comply with the Test Act, and so forfeited his seat in Parliament. Far be it from me, said the preacher, to blame the accomplished novelist for her delineation of the Catholic hero in her novel.

The girl, however, this refined gentleman falls in love with is declared by Father Bernard Vaughan to be

a wayward, wild and wilful little Pagan . . . fretful, feverish . . . an ill-bred, ill-behaved and ill-ordered little wretch, with little in her but prettiness that is womanly. . . . I cannot imagine a Catholic so well-bred and so well-trained as Helbeck falling in love with a girl like Laura Fountain. . . . I should have thought that she would have repelled him . . . for I see no redeeming point in her character.

It is with much reluctance that I cite these expressions of Father Vaughan's opinion, differing from him widely as I do in my estimate of the character of Mrs. Ward's heroine. But I quote them for the purpose of demonstrating

* Pp. 457, 463.

* P. 455.

* In a sermon on "Helbeck of Bannisdale," preached at the Church of the Holy Name, Man-

chester, on Sunday, the 10th of July, 1898, and reported in the Catholic Times of Friday, the 15th of July, p. 5.

to my readers how much these two Jesuit Fathers disagree in their judgment about Mrs. Ward's book. Father Bernard Vaughan declares that he has read the work "with much pleasure," and has risen from its perusal with a feeling of "deep gratitude to Mrs. Humphry Ward."

But to help us to a clear insight into what Catholic opinion may be concerning this remarkable book, I may refer to the criticism of it which has appeared in the leading Catholic newspaper—the *Tablet*.⁷

In the first place, we there read:

Certainly the Catholic public has nothing to complain of in this presentment of a champion of their faith, and all through the book a remarkable imaginative appreciation of the Catholic point of view is shown. . . . In Alan Helbeck we have a singularly noble, but necessarily rare type, of English Catholic. His religion not only commands the inmost allegiance of his heart, and colors and moulds his life, but is the constant preoccupation of his thoughts. For the sake of Catholic charities, and especially to keep and endow a great orphanage in the neighborhood, he has sold farm after farm and stripped his home of its furniture and sacrificed his family pictures.

For such actions this writer (quite unlike Father Clarke) has no word of blame; he evidently appreciates them as being meritorious, and he recognizes that Helbeck is "thoroughly courteous" and "completely a gentleman to his finger tips."

As to Laura Fountain, this anonymous reviewer says little; but he fully recognizes that unbelief is to her "a part of filial duty" and that she cherished her father's hatreds "because they were his." "Dislike for Catholicism," he continues, seemed to her "inseparable from a duteous regard for the memory of the dead she mourned,"

and was "entwined among the roots of her affection for her father."

It seems, then, that Father Clarke stands more or less alone in his extremely hostile judgment of Mrs. Ward's book. Certainly I myself differ from him entirely, save where he compliments her on her literary skill and the charm of her composition.

But before proceeding further in my estimate of his criticism, it may be well, in the briefest possible manner, to sketch out the plot of the novel, in case any reader may still be unacquainted with it. Told as Mrs. Ward tells it, it is a most fascinating tale—to us the most attractive of all her novels.

Alan Helbeck is a northern landed proprietor and squire of Bannisdale. He is a fervent Catholic, and has no near relative but a much younger sister, Augustina, who left him to marry a widower, Professor Fountain, the father of a girl, Laura, then eight years old—his child by his first wife. Professor Fountain entertained a hatred of Christianity which his daughter imbibed from him, and this the more easily, because Augustina on her marriage abandoned the practice of the Catholic religion. To her former religion, however, she returned immediately after her husband's death, a change which, taking place as it did in the first days of his daughter's grief, outraged the affections of the latter, and so accentuated her hostility to Catholicism. This was so bound up with her love for her father as to have become for her a form of filial piety. For Alan Helbeck, his sister's apostasy has been the one grief of his life. He leads an austere and lonely existence, seeing few visitors but priests, and rarely quitting his home save for some purpose connected with his religion. To promote its interests, and, above all, to build and endow an orphanage near his home, he has sold

⁷ See the *Tablet* for the 25th of June, 1898, p. 1005.

much of his land and stripped his house of its most valuable furniture and works of art.

The book begins at the period when, Professor Fountain being dead and his widow reconciled to the Church, she, accompanied by her step-daughter, Laura Fountain, is returning to live with her brother at Bannisdale. It is necessary she should be so accompanied, because her health is extremely infirm. Indeed, she has not long to live, so that Laura's care of her stepmother was indispensable.

By degrees Alan and Laura grow to love each other deeply, and they become engaged. Then, gradually, the conviction forces itself upon Laura that (on account of her aversion from all that Helbeck most intensely values) she would ruin the happiness of the man she loves should she become his wife. She therefore suddenly tears herself away, to her own agony and subsequent bitter suffering. But Augustina's health grows worse and worse and danger ensues. Thereupon Laura is bound to return to her, yet, for Alan's sake, steels her heart as far as possible against their love. But her stepmother informs her of Alan's passionate grief at her flight and also of the depth of his devotion to her. This is too much, and in a moment of weakness, caused by her love for Helbeck and also by her pity for Augustina, she seeks to delude herself with the hope that she may honestly become a Catholic. She lets Alan know this, and, in a touching scene of passionate affection, their former relations are renewed.

But it is at this moment that Augustina dies. Then Laura (again feeling intensely the impossibility of accepting Catholicity and seeming to hear her father's reproaches; knowing also that if she does not submit to the Church she will wreck Alan's life, and that a second flight will be useless, be-

cause, for his sake, there must be a final and irrevocable end) deliberately drowns herself.

Such is a brief outline of Mrs. Ward's deeply moving tale. The fidelity of my interpretation I will presently justify by citations.

Father Clarke's blame is general, but it is Laura's final act which he above all censures, and in terms which seem to me ludicrously exaggerated.

Any Catholic who, although believing that by shortening the period of his probation he commits a mortal sin, kills himself, of course justly incurs the censure of the Church. But Laura was no Catholic and no Christian. She was a pagan, and as such had a full right to conform to pagan ethics.

Self-immolation was, as every one knows, freely practised in pre-Christian times, and, apart from Christian teaching, I confess I see no reason why any one (who leaves no just claim unfulfilled and has no one depending on him for aid) should not be free to terminate his existence whenever he thinks it desirable and reasonable so to do—*a fortiori* when by a voluntary death he benefits another, or saves him from lasting calamity. It is to avert such a calamity from the man she devotedly loves that Laura does the deed for which Father Clarke so blames her. And she does love him devotedly, for what could a woman do more for a man than, for his sake, first sacrifice her love and then her life?

That her sentiments and motives are such as I have represented is clear.

With respect to her first act of self-sacrifice, her flight, Mrs. Ward represents her,* after an outburst of passionate affection, as follows:

When she reached her own room, she let her arms drop rigidly by her side. "It would be a crime—a *crime*—to marry him," she said, with a dull resolve that was beyond weeping.

As to her final act (her suicide by drowning), she leaves behind her a letter written to a friend, wherein she thus expresses⁹ herself:

Cruel—I hardly know what I am writing—but who has been cruel! I!—only I! To open the old wounds—to make him glad for an hour—then to strike and leave him—could anything be more pitiless? Oh, my best—best beloved. . . . But to live a lie—upon his heart, in his arms—that would be worse. . . . He must always think it an accident—he will, I see it all so plainly. . . . You understand—I must trouble him no more, and there is no other way. This winter has proved it. Because death puts an end Good-by—good-by. You were all so good to me—think of me, grieve for me, sometimes.

And this devoted act of self-immolation at the altar of a love at once most pure and most passionate, Father Clarke calls¹⁰ "a cowardly, vulgar, selfish crime,"... "the most ignoble and dastardly of crimes, rebellion,"... "a hateful, cowardly crime," an ending which raises in him a feeling "of disgust and indignation."

I think that, on reconsideration, Father Clarke will see how unreasonable his language is as applied to one who was under no obligation to submit to Christian precepts. Moreover, there is a form of devotion which almost approximates to pious suicide which will nevertheless probably command his entire approval. I refer to instances in which pious Catholics have offered up their lives to God in order to prolong the life of another—acts often piously believed to have met with acceptance and secured the end for which such offerings had been made.

But Father Clarke appears to me thoroughly to misunderstand Laura's mental standpoint as conceived by Mrs. Ward. He appears to consider

her to have almost made up her mind to accept Christianity and Catholicity as really true—that she was "on the point of complete submission." I can find no evidence to justify such an opinion.

She was, no doubt, almost ready to become a Catholic, provided she could obtain what seemed to her reasonable grounds for so becoming. She was sorely tempted, and may momentarily have succumbed to the temptation, to become a Catholic externally, though still unconvinced internally. But from so doing her frank and honest nature ultimately revolted.

She had, as we have intimated, been entirely overcome when the almost dying Augustina¹¹ revealed to her the grief Alan had endured at her flight and the profound depth of his love for her.

The piteous history of those winter months—a state of grief so profound and touching that, by the time it ended, *every landmark was uprooted in the girl's soul, and she was drifting on a vast tide of pity and passion, whither she knew not.*

Thus, and thus only, was Laura induced to act and speak to Alan in the natural and touching way described.¹²

"Would—would Father Leadham, do you think," said Laura, "take the trouble to correspond with me—to point me out books, for instance, that I might read?"

Helbeck's black eyes fastened themselves upon her. "You—you would like to correspond with Father Leadham?" he repeated in stupefaction. . . . "It is a serious step, Miss Fountain! You should not take it only for pity for Augustina—only from a wish to give her comfort in dying!"

She turned her face away a little. That penetrating look pierced too deeply. "Are there not many motives," she said rather hoarsely—"many ways?" . . . "Father Leadham would lend you some books of course." "It must

⁹ P. 462.

¹⁰ Pp. 456, 457.

¹¹ P. 440. The italics are mine.

¹² P. 445.

be something very simple," she said hurriedly, "not 'Lives of the Saints,' I think, and not 'Catechisms' or 'Outlines.' Just a building up from the beginning by somebody—who found it hard, *very* hard to believe—and yet did believe."

Thus, even at this crisis of their lives, Mrs. Ward takes care to show the absolute indispensability, to Laura's mind, of a rational basis for belief, as well as, later, her intimate and ultimate conviction that, for her, no such basis was attainable.

The Tablet's reviewer fully coincides with my view as to this matter. He tells us that

Laura, even in her love, is too clear-eyed for illusions, and could never cheat herself with the thought that there could be any true community between her and Alan Helbeck.

Another author could, of course, easily have assigned to Laura a different nature, and made her acquiescent, easily convinced and Alan's happy wife. But Mrs. Ward had full right to create her own heroine in her own way, and I read, with pleasure, that, for Father Clarke, she is a delightful heroine who commands love and sympathy.

It is time now to consider the reasons which her bitter critic assigns for stigmatizing the work as abounding in misrepresentations and being "nothing less than a calumny."

In the first place, I may well ask, How was it possible for Mrs. Ward to entirely satisfy Father Clarke with her novel? She is no Catholic, but, I believe, holds somewhat strongly antagonistic views. She naturally, therefore, and very properly, tries to propagate more or less anti-Catholic ideas; but not, I fancy, those of Laura or her father. I venture to think it probable that the opinions of Dr. Friedland¹³

may be most in harmony with her own; but this is a mere surmise on my part. No reasonable person could therefore expect her to write as a friend of Catholicism would write—to select only what is to its credit and to exclude everything of a contrary tendency. It is quite enough if she does not represent the Catholic body as being different from what it really is, and if she does not assign to individuals opinions and acts which are absurd and impossible.

Father Clarke says¹⁴:

I say without hesitation there never was a more absurd travesty of all things Catholic put before the English reader. From first to last it is nothing more than a gross burlesque.

Now, I recollect reading, a good many years ago, a novel "put before the English public," also written by a lady, and professing to depict "things Catholic,"¹⁵ which *did* merit the epithets which Father Clarke applies so unjustly, in our opinion, to Mrs. Ward's book.

In the one I refer to, a Protestant lady visits a young friend, a novice in a convent, who tells her that, for thinking of meat on a Friday, her penance has been to chew a piece of glass into powder. "But your teeth!" exclaimed the lady. "My teeth!" answered the novice, "nothing is mine, everything belongs to the community." In a subsequent chapter a weak-minded curate is to be presented to the late Cardinal Wiseman at one of his Tuesday evenings in York Place. Having been introduced into a darkened chamber he becomes overpowered by enchanting strains of angelic music. Then two curtains on one side of the room slowly open and discover the Cardinal on a lofty throne surrounded

¹³ See Book v., chapter I. ¹⁴ Pp. 459, 460.

¹⁵ Unfortunately the name of the author and the title of the book have long since passed

from my memory. I have tried hard to find it, but in vain.

by his priests in attitudes of adoration."

This alone may suffice to demonstrate that Father Clarke did not depart from his wonted rashness when he ventured to write, as he says he did, "without hesitation."

Now apart from any "absurd travesty," Mrs. Ward might without blame have drawn for us, had she chosen so to do, a bad Catholic layman or a bad priest—for such of course exist. It would only have been necessary for her, in that case, carefully to point out that her characters were quite exceptional personalities. Far from so doing, the hero she has presented us with is, in Father Bernard Vaughan's opinion, a layman who is "every inch a gentleman," and "a thoroughly practical Catholic, translating into his daily life the old Catholic traditions."

As to the clergy, surely Father Leadham is a delightful character. Mrs. Ward makes, indeed, some little sport out of certain innocent peculiarities of Father Bowles, who, Father Clarke tells us,¹⁶ is held "up to our derision." Yet, strange to say, this very matter has been selected by Mrs. Ward's *Tablet* critic as one specially deserving of commendation. He says, "A curious illustration of her care to have chapter and verse even for the slightest details in her picture is afforded by the following passage¹⁷:

Suddenly Father Bowles got up from his chair, ran across the room to the window, with his napkin in his hand, and pounced eagerly upon a fly that was buzzing on the pane. Then he carefully opened the window, and flicked the dead fly off the sill.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly to Mrs. Fountain, as he returned to his seat. "It was a nasty fly. I can't abide 'em, I always think of Beelzebub, who was the prince of flies." . . . He had, on the other hand, a peculiar passion for the smell of wax. He

would blow out a candle on the altar before the end of Mass that he might enjoy the smell.

"An impulsive correspondent," the *Tablet* tells us, "wrote to the *Spectator* last week, to explain that the suggestion that any Catholic priest could ever blow out a candle on the altar, because he liked the smell of wax, was merely a grotesque Protestant blunder. He was not familiar with the careful methods of the lady criticised. It is impossible to doubt that the unpleasant little habits attributed in the novel to Father Bowles were suggested by the following passage in Husenbeth's "Life of Bishop Milner."

He was fond of smelling the smoke of wax candles when extinguished; and while saying St. John's Gospel at the end of Mass he often blew out the candle near him, on purpose to enjoy the smoke. He had a strong dislike of flies, particularly of their buzzing noise. Whenever he heard them in a room he rolled up his handkerchief and pursued them with great vehemence. "Nasty things," he would exclaim, and would never suffer one about him if he could help it. Even in the chapel he has been seen to leave his place and chase a buzzing fly to the window in the hopes of killing it. He used to observe that Beelzebub meant the god of flies, and he really seemed to think there was something diabolical about them.

Ex pede Herculem! This example may warn critics to beware of charging Mrs. Ward with exaggeration and injustice.

The "exaggeration, injustice, and calumny," wherewith Father Clarke taxes the authoress, he attempts to justify¹⁸ because, while going to meet his sister and Laura, Alan Helbeck tries to overcome what he regards (however mistakenly) as an unworthy temptation, by morbidly murmuring words from the "Imitation of Christ,"

¹⁶ P. 458.

¹⁷ Pp. 58, 59.

¹⁸ P. 457.

and by the facts that he sells much of his land, strips his house of its best furniture and his last valuable family picture for the sake of his charities and his orphanage, and finally, also, because it is not set down that he has made any provision for his widowed sister. But his sister he well knows has but a short time to live, and, had he died first, the property left behind by him would have been ample for her. As to his land and furniture, I decline to accept Father Clarke's dictum that it was his duty "to keep up his house and grounds conformably to his station." Let us suppose that, instead of being a religious ascetic, he had been a zealous zoölogist, would he not, with no near relation to succeed him, have had full right, if he chose so to act, to sell his farms to found a museum such as the admirable one at Tring; and why might he not have sold his picture by Romney to secure for it some specimens of newly discovered marvellous birds of paradise? If he might do this for science, why might he not do so for his religion? I rejoice much to be able to support my opinions by the aid of Father Bernard Vaughan and the reviewer of the *Tablet*. The latter is the organ of Cardinal Vaughan, and what it publishes has first to undergo a strict censorship. No doubt it will not now express any dissent from Father Clarke's article, should it hereafter refer to it; but, anyhow, that which it has written it has written, what it published was duly authorized by the censorship, and *littera scripta manet*.

I rejoice the more at being able to substantiate my judgment in the eyes of Catholics by this unequivocal clerical testimony, because my own opinion might be discounted as that of a layman, and one known to be a "liberal Catholic." Certainly, as a Catholic, I have always been on the liberal side, and, like the late Montalembert,

I hope—however penitent I may be at the last for many errors and shortcomings—to, at least, die an "impenitent liberal."

What Father Vaughan thinks of Alan Helbeck has been already stated. The *Tablet* speaks of him "as a singularly noble but necessarily rare type of English Catholic."

Mrs. Ward has given us in Alan Helbeck a Catholic squire who is a perfect gentleman, thoughtful, extremely conscientious, tender and true. Yet this is the character stigmatized by Father Clarke as "selfish," "ill-tempered," and "hypocritical"!

Certainly, Alan Helbeck is an ascetic and severe to himself; but Mrs. Ward nowhere represents him to be a type of Catholics generally, and there was certainly no need for her to declare him to be exceptional. That such is the case must be manifest to any one at all acquainted with society who is not a fool.

Catholics, before emancipation, were an extremely and exceptionally virtuous part of the nation. They still present many noble examples of all that is good, and the first and highest amongst them by his truly admirable qualities—by the whole of his life in all its varied relations—affords what appears to me to be one of the strongest practical arguments in favor of Catholicity.

But while the present century has waned, the Catholic body has modified itself in response to the changes of its environment, as it could hardly fail to do. No longer excluded from social or political forms of activity, Catholics have become very much like other people, and it is incredible that persons accustomed to meet them at dinners, balls, in political assemblies, at theatres and race-courses, could possibly need to be told that Alan Helbeck was an exceptional, a very exceptional one.

Father Clarke may affect to disesteem him because he is not what seems to me to be more "of the world, worldly," and no doubt he did sacrifice his property too freely for pious objects; but if all Catholic laymen were like Alan Helbeck, we are very sure the clergy—Jesuit and non-Jesuit—would rejoice exceedingly.

He was, no doubt, too unrelenting to his sister for her apostasy, and before her reconciliation; but I have little doubt that Mrs. Ward, if challenged, could bring forward evidence to justify the truthfulness of her representation as to that matter as fully as in what concerns "Father Bowles."

Father Clarke stigmatizes¹⁹ as unreasonable Helbeck's fixed idea that Laura's father had escaped hell in spite of his unbelief, and in this matter his confrère, Father Vaughan, agrees with him. It may be best for a layman to say nothing concerning his own opinion as to this matter, yet very different views have been expressed by other priests, and I believe by the late Cardinal Manning. But, however this may be, a Catholic lady, whose husband died in just Professor Fountain's unbelief, was, to my knowledge, not long ago assured by a priest that if she would assign him certain moneys for the purpose, they should be spent in good works, to be applied to, and for the benefit of, her husband's soul, which he therefore must have deemed to be in a remediable state.

Father Clarke also says²⁰ that some of Mrs. Ward's

characters (Williams, for instance,) are simply impossible—mere monstrosities developed from her own inventive imagination.

Now one can always argue from "actuality" to "possibility," and that

such a character as "Williams" is "possible," is a certainty to me, since I have "actually" known just such a character—not, of course, resembling "Williams" in every detail described, and not a Jesuit, but having, none the less, a personality amazingly resembling that of "Williams."

Father Clarke objects to the "pious story" told to Laura by a little girl²¹ as an improbable one to be told or repeated. It is a tale about a religious, forbidden to visit his dying brother, but who was subsequently consoled by a message from the Blessed Virgin to say that on account of such obedience she had secured his brother's salvation. I leave to Mrs. Ward the task of supplying "chapter and verse" for this incident, which I am quite sure she will have no difficulty in supplying. We have most of us heard some such tales related in advocacy of that, in my opinion, utterly abhorrent, "mental state" called "detachment." That very equivocal virtue is, as it seems to me, a mental attitude likely to favor the confinement of a man's affections within the narrow bounds of his own waistcoat, cassock, or scapular, as the case may be; and this opinion facts I have sometimes observed seem to me to have fully justified.

Both the Jesuit fathers I have here referred to agree to blame Mrs. Ward for what she says²² concerning the tendency of the Catholic doctrine about sin:

The devout Catholic [she observes] sees all the world *sub specie peccati*. The flesh seems to him always ready to fall—the devil is always at hand.

Surely this is no misrepresentation! The universal Catholic teaching hitherto has been that on account of "the fall" the whole creation groans under

¹⁹ P. 462.

²⁰ P. 465.

²¹ "Helbeck," p. 120.

²² *Ibid.* p. 254.

the consequences of sin, one persistent effect of which is death. Surely Catholics are continually urged, in the confessional and the pulpit, to beware of the danger of sin, especially in that form Mrs. Ward refers to in the passage quoted. How many pious men are told "never to raise their eyes to look at a woman," and there are girls who dare not even gaze on a crucifix! In depicting the difference between the anti-Catholic view and that commonly put before Catholics, she does not appear to me to go one step too far—she does not indeed seem to go far enough.

The anti-Catholic view accepts no "fall," but only a process of irregular, and often interrupted, "amelioration." It does not believe in the existence of any such thing as "sin" at all, but only of social offences or acts of self-degradation, the remedy for which it expects as the result of education and discipline, while satisfactory rules and customs as to the sexual relations it expects will be slowly worked out and established, by the aid of science, experience, and sober reasoning. Such views, of course, must be utterly abhorrent to F. F. Clarke and Vaughan and to all who accept Catholic teaching. But it is at least well that their existence should be recognized and understood.

There is one very grave and important matter mentioned by all the critics to whom we have here referred: this is Mrs. Ward's representation of the well-known anecdote respecting the circumstances attending the death of the Duchess of Gandia, wife of him who is now known as St. Francis Borgia. I am glad to read Father Clarke's admission²³ that "it will make a very painful impression on some Catholic readers." Since it has been thus brought forward I must honestly,

though very reluctantly, say what I myself think about it.

Of course I have known all the circumstances here related for many years, and to me they have always been in the highest degree revolting.

Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, was praying for the recovery of his wife, then grievously ill, when he thought he heard a divine voice say to him, "If you will pray for the Duchess's recovery, she shall recover, but that is not expedient for thee." Thereupon Francis devoutly said, "Thy will be done," ceased his petitions, and his wife soon died.

Mrs. Ward introduces the matter in a conversation held between Laura and Helbeck as they are walking together on Easter Sunday morning and conversing about books they had been reading:²⁴

"Do you—do you think St. Francis Borgia was a very admirable person?"

"Well, I got a good deal of edification out of him," said Helbeck quietly.

"Did you? Would you be like him if you could? Do you remember when his wife was very ill, and he was praying for her, he heard a voice—do you remember?"

"Go on," said Helbeck, nodding.

"And the voice said, 'If thou wouldst have the life of the Duchess prolonged, it shall be granted; but it is not expedient for thee'—*thee*, mind—not *her*! When he heard this he was penetrated by a most tender love of God, and burst into tears. Then he asked God to do as He pleased with the lives of his wife and his children and himself. He gave up—I suppose he gave up—praying for her. She became much worse and died, leaving him a widower at the age of thirty-six. Afterwards—don't please interrupt!—in the space of three years, he disposed somehow of all his eight children—some of them, I believe, must be quite babies—took the vows, became a Jesuit, and went to Rome. Do you approve of all that?"

²³ P. 464.

²⁴ "Helbeck," p. 346.

The case, it must be confessed, is fairly, if forcibly, put; and it seems to me to demand an answer different from those given by the critics we have quoted.

A Catholic is bound to recognize that St. Francis Borgia was a great and admirable saint—take him all round. That such he was, I, of course, have not the slightest intention of disputing. Nevertheless, Catholics are not bound to imitate, or even admire, all the actions of all the saints. Sometimes, I cannot doubt, there were errors in judgment, and sometimes actions were performed, by one or other of them, which I cannot at all sympathize with.

As regards the circumstance in the life of St. Francis Borgia to which Mrs. Ward calls attention, I feel it an imperative duty to state how I, some other laymen, and also some clerics known to me regard this noteworthy incident. In this way the Catholic body generally may be shielded from the supposition that Alan Helbeck's and Father Clarke's judgment in the matter is one as to which all Catholics agree.

That we may be able to estimate the matter the more impartially, let us put aside the saint's personality and suppose that some man—Mr. Brown—has a very sick wife, and that he has been provided with a medicine, to give which he knows for certain will restore her to health, while he is no less sure that if he does not administer it to her she will infallibly die. Let us further suppose that he is convinced he hears an interior voice, which he judges to be a Divine Voice, and that this apparent voice declares to him that his wife's recovery will not be "expedient for him." Thereupon, regardless of the possibility that he may be the victim of an hallucination, he withholds the medicine and his wife dies. What are we to think of such a proceeding on the part of Mr. Brown? In my opin-

ion he would, by such conduct, be guilty of a peculiarly revolting murder. Brown's external action, or rather fatal abstinence from action, would deserve the gallows, however much the purity of his internal intention might cause him, like the penitent thief, to be received into Paradise on the very night of his execution.

But what is the difference between the supposed Mr. Brown's withholding of the medicine and St. Francis Borgia's withholding the prayer, the utterance of which he was convinced would have sovereign efficacy in effecting his wife's recovery?

St. Francis was alone when he thought he heard the voice. There was but his own subjective impression; no external witness to the objective reality of a phenomenon by no means uncommon, and eminently deceptive!

How could he possibly know he was not the victim of an hallucination, and how could he know that the voice was *divine*?

As to a much less important matter than allowing a wife and mother of a large family to perish—namely, an intimation that an infidel was saved—Father Bernard Vaughan remarks: "Surely no Catholic could question the origin whence sprang a revelation such as that!"

Some charitable scepticism might also "surely" have been expected on the part of St. Francis Borgia in such a case, and some "humility" as to the probability of a miraculous divine intervention with regard to such a matter.

This remarkable manifestation of what ordinary persons would regard as callous selfishness Father Clarke calls "an heroic act of self-sacrifice!" "When God," he tells us, "clearly intimated to him that it was more for the

glory of God that she should die, he was bound to cease to pray that she might live."

Sacrifice! Indeed, it *was* a sacrifice, but the *victim* slain "for God's glory" was the woman who was the mother of St. Francis Borgia's children! It was, in fact, one of the most memorable, because most modern, cases of a human sacrifice offered to God. I am confident that most of my lay contemporaries will read Father Clarke's expressions as to this matter—expressions so devoid of any hearty, natural human sympathy—with extreme repugnance. The continuance of the poor Duchess's life was, he tells us, "*detrimental to the glory of God*"! Doubtless, he knows exactly what he means by this sentence but I confess I do not.

Catholic theologians are, of course, the very reverse of "agnostics," yet not only do they with one voice confess their inability to comprehend God, but they affirm that even Jesus Christ, reigning in Heaven, cannot now (as regards His human nature) understand God, and that to all eternity He never will be able to comprehend Him.

A want of comprehension, then, as to what is the nature and what are the conditions of "God's glory" may surely be pardoned when confessed to by a very ordinary mortal, who, as he studies the universe about him, becomes more and more profoundly impressed with the utter impossibility of his attaining to anything beyond a few fragments of knowledge concerning its powers and qualities.

A phrase which will permit a private individual, acting on his unaided judgment, to commit what is legally and morally an act of murder, with a good conscience and a mind "penetrated by a most tender love of God," is surely a very dangerous phrase. If the Deity can be supposed to approve of such things, where are we to stop? What "sacrifice"—not of an individual only,

but of a mass of individuals, of a whole nation—is to be refused, if such sacrifice is supposed to be demanded by God for "His greater glory"?

That this is no mere fancied and unreal danger—that the most calamitous results may be thus produced—history only too plainly shows us.

Between 1580 and 1640 there were not a few Englishmen who intrigued with foreigners to subject England to the hateful domination of Spain, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

As the centuries have rolled by since then, what cause have not Catholics had to regret those baneful intrigues on account of the persecution they naturally induced? What cause have not Catholics and non-Catholics alike had to thank God for their failure and the providential destruction of Spain's thrice blessed, invincible, Armada!

In the light of recent events, when we think of Cuba and the Soudan, of Manila and Omdurman, this thankfulness will be more than ever present to us; and also more than ever shall we feel the conviction that social and political activity should be directed to what plain common sense tells us is for the advantage of the individual, the community, the nation, and the whole human race, and not be guided by individual fancies concerning "the greater glory" of the Infinite Being, Who is as changeless and unmodifiable as eternal.

But to return to Mrs. Humphry Ward and her "Helbeck of Bannisdale": I must here, once more, declare my dissent from Father Clarke's judgment, save as regards his love for Laura Fountain, and his tribute to the wonderful literary skill—the life-like pictures of English life, and the intense interest with which Mrs. Ward clothes the personality of the men and women she introduces to us. Differing as I do so much from him, I greatly rejoice to have the support of other Catholic

witnesses to the worthiness, as a Catholic, of her hero Alan Helbeck, and the assurance that the Catholic public has "nothing to complain of" in this presentment of a Catholic champion. I, indeed, have been fairly astonished at the carefulness and fidelity with which Mrs. Ward has represented things Catholic. Certain passages even

seemed to me such as might have been written by a Catholic author for purposes of edification, and in conclusion I cannot but tender my hearty thanks to Mrs. Humphry Ward for the great treat she has afforded me in the perusal of her profoundly interesting and fascinating work.

St. George Mivart.

The Nineteenth Century.

ERE THE DAY.

We wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;
And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the
play.

Oh! our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow dropt
the curtain.

Ay, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day.

There were buds within our garden, but they never came to
flower.

There were birds among our bushes, but they only sang an
hour.

And we laughed to see the swallow, but the summer did not
follow;

There were buds within our garden, but they never came to
flower.

'Tis a garment white and silken, 'tis a white and misty veil,
'Tis a pair of little slippers—O dear love!—so white and frail.
Is the manhood in me dying that I'm sitting here and crying
O'er a garment and a slipper and a never-opened veil?

Dear, the world is empty—empty as the gemless golden band,
The token I had fingered and that never found your hand.
They've been telling me the story of an everlasting glory;
But you were the only preacher I could ever understand.

Ah, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;
And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the
play.

But our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow dropt the
curtain.

Hark! a single bell is calling . . . and this should have been
the day.

Chambers's Journal.

J. J. Bell.

CONSTANCE.*

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).Translated for *The Living Age* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

CHAPTER X.

Towards the close of the winter M. de Glynne at last made that trip to Paris of which he had so often spoken, but which he had never been able to decide upon; he said that important business called him there, but in truth he wanted to return to common sense, to shake off the delicious torpor which enchaind him more and more. Women have in their possession philters of many kinds, besides that which changes men into brutes; there are some that can raise a man above his former self. The philter that Constance had used was very powerful, for no sooner was M. de Glynne at a distance from the Priory than he was planning how to get back there again.

All known means of distraction proved of no avail; he left behind him many things half done and came home sooner than he was expected, having found out that he liked the Park better than any other place, which meant, though he persisted in his blindness, that Constance was above all things necessary to him. In short, she was, in his eyes, beauty, candor, youth; that the union of these qualities should be grateful to contemplate was only natural. Thus reasoned Raoul de Glynne.

The true value of this disinterested view he discovered before long, when, soon after his return, an indiscreet remark of her cousin Henriette informed him that a desirable suitor had presented himself for Constance. The savage impulse that he felt to throttle that unknown young man

and to cut the throat of Constance rather than see her belong to another, seemed for a moment to justify the opinion held in the neighborhood that he was a man of a sanguinary temper, though he appeared to be so gentle and refined,—a man who had planted a knife in the breast of a beautiful lady because she only came to his house without his having invited her—nothing more, poor thing! So everybody was afraid of this fierce Parisian! They hesitated to go near him; they did not even like to talk of him too loudly. If they could have known anything of his new impulse towards homicide, what would they have said? That impulse, indeed, was transient, for almost at the same time that he heard of the revolting offer of marriage made through Pastor Duranton, he learned that Dr. Vidal had peremptorily refused it, alleging that his daughter was too young, and that he wanted to keep her to himself as long as possible.

As to what would have been the response of the young girl herself, it was not difficult to conjecture from the reception she gave M. de Glynne when she met him unexpectedly on his return,—an exclamation, at once suppressed, a sudden start over her whole being, checked by an effort, and the trembling of the little hand he took and held in his,—all this was significant. The doctor alone guessed nothing. He saw that his daughter looked well, that she was gay, that her mind was developing and that she was less of a devotee; this seemed but a natural transformation in a girl of eighteen.

The return, too, of spring might, he

thought, have something to do with it, for it was now the full spring tide of Gascony, that season which hangs bunches of pink and pearly blossoms, in more numbers than the leaves, along the honeysuckle hedges, which dots the meadows with snowy daisies and makes the fox-glove bloom among the oats, blue-tinted in the rippling breeze. Sweet perfumes filled the air, musical with the songs of birds; the vines were coming into flower; the grass growing on the mountains,—hardly more mountains than the wavelets on the basin of Arcachon are waves—would soon be browned by the heat of summer, but for a time it looked like a green carpet on which the varied vegetation had embroidered brilliant and motley spots.

Around Nérac the beauty of the landscape is less in its form than in its color, in the harmony between the bright yellow of the soil and the intense blue of the heavens, in the especial clearness of the atmosphere, which enables the eye to discern the smallest detail on the horizon—the tower of some old castle, the steeple of a church, or some village that seems hewn out of the rock. In the distance the *lande* itself seems to grow gayer; the pine trees standing year after year in the same place put out fresh greenness; moss and heather appear; mushrooms display there some of their many varieties.

At the Priory they planned excursions from one place to another to entertain Henriette's fiancé, who sometimes rode over to Nérac on a little hired pony to pay his court. The two young girls would then mount the two little horses from Gers, which belonged to the doctor, and could be either driven or used as saddle horses. They were all very much surprised when M. de Glynne, seized by a new fancy, asked leave to join this juvenile party. He pretended that he could

serve as a guide, for he knew the country better than the old residents, having explored it in every direction for more than a year. Constance insisted that she knew it better than he, and this led to many joyous disputes, in which Henriette acted as arbiter with comic seriousness.

At first, M. Horace Capdevielle had been a little afraid of the sharp wit and superior airs of the Parisian; but when he found that his own provincial accent provoked no smile, and that this stranger of high birth, far from standing upon wearisome formalities, was quite simple and disposed to put people at their ease, bringing out their best points to advantage and assisting them if they hesitated on any occasion, he felt a great liking for him, and even tried to imitate him, as far as possible, with a fervent admiration for his horse, his clothes and his manners, which were, he declared—flattered by their apparent comradeship—those of a good fellow.

M. de Glynne would have made himself agreeable to twenty Capdevielles, had they been even more loquacious and exuberant than this young man, if he could only have met Constance in their company. He was quite grateful to Henriette's fiancé for letting them ride side by side, undisturbed by any remarks, while he was absorbed in attentions to his future bride. Two young people who are to be married quite soon have many things to whisper to each other which prevent their listening to others or observing them too closely.

No one, therefore, except Constance, heard M. de Glynne the day when, with the humility and gratitude of a wretch aided by pure charity, he thanked her for having reconciled him to his lot and made him begin his life over again. It was in a place of marvellous beauty that he said this. That morning, in the neighbor-

hood of a mountain called Pentecôte, the riding party had gone on at an unequal speed—M. de Glynne's blooded animal accommodating his pace to that of the far inferior beasts of the country, in whose company he was obliged to proceed,—toward a very celebrated spot a few kilometers from Nérac. It had formerly been a place of pilgrimage. The young Huguenot lovers were not going there with the smallest feeling of devotion, but the site was so pretty that they forgave it for having been dedicated to superstition.

At the miraculous fountain where waters were quaffed by the pilgrims, was a chapel containing an ancient wooden statue of the Virgin, more like a roughly hewn idol. From this chapel the party of pilgrims mounted a steep hill—or *Calvaire*—by paths that wound around it, representing the road along which Jesus bore the cross. Tall black cypress trees separated the grassy paths, along which, on this lovely day of early June, the broom plants of Spain, bearing blossoms of gold, were perfuming all the air with a scent like that of orange flowers. Beside them grew roses of all varieties and of all colors, with flowers worthy to be plucked by Saint Elizabeth, the saint of roses. They lie under your feet; they grow on branches at the height of your hand; they are taller than your head; their luxuriance is almost fantastic; and the visitor or pilgrim goes on thus from station to station, each distinguished by a superb view of the country, blue and undulating as a corner in a pre-Raphaelite painting. M. de Glynne was so impressed by it all that he cried out:—

"That reminds me of the mystic horizon of Fiesole; it seems to carry me back into the garden of the Capuchin convent—into that garden," he resumed after a pause, "where I once walked with such bitter thoughts—"

He was silent an instant, and then went on:—

"I was alone then. There has come an influence since which has reconciled me to life, which has softened in me much of hatred and ill will. But to-day what do I care for the wrongs that have been done me!"

It seemed to Constance as if her heart leaped into her throat. But she had courage enough to say smilingly,

"Blessed be that influence!"

"Yes, blessed indeed," he said with fervor. "Your father was right. You are like one of these roses, you are the unconsciously beneficent rose which does nothing but bloom. You have blossomed under my sight, and gazing at you I forget that the world is evil. You have made me believe in goodness. Yet that was difficult."

"You have forgiven?" asked she, timid and troubled.

He slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"I have forgotten."

"Ah!" cried she eagerly, in her joy at having been his help, "what happiness!"

"Do you care enough for me to be happy for that?" he said in a low tone.

She answered very gravely,

"I have often prayed for you."

Her thoughts, at the same time, wandered to those readings of the last winter, to the garden of Paradise, to the immortal Rose of Dante, growing in the eternal spring-time.

She paused, that he might say something more, she did not know what, yet something that should open a wider heaven; but Henriette and her lover, who had lingered behind absorbed in more terrestrial conversation, rejoined them at that moment, and they all rode on together up the steep ascent of the *Calvaire*, which, once reached, rather spoiled the association with Fiesole, for at the summit Gascon taste had placed a representa-

tion, in colored plaster, of Christ and the two thieves, products of the image manufactory of Saint-Sulpice.

Young Capdevielle, as a good Protestant, had much to say about the inappropriateness of these figures, which, with a little exaggeration, he pronounced to be scandalous. Henriette agreed with him. M. de Glynne preferred the meridional cross, which bears the instruments of our Lord's Passion, and which, though not beautiful, has the merit of being purely symbolic. Constance seemed to have experienced a sort of shock at encountering, at the end of a path perfumed with flowers, those three frightful crosses on the summit of the hill.

"I am reminded," she said, "of what my mother often said to me, that we may expect to find the cross at the end of all things. The cross and sorrow at the end of all. Is it possible? For weeks, months, ages it seems to me, I have not thought of that."

"And I do not see any necessity for thinking of it," said Henriette. "My mother, too, tells me such things, but I promise myself to forget them after I am married."

"I do not know what cross we can have to bear after that," said her fiancé.

"Oh, for me, not any! But as for you, monsieur, look out! You will have my stormy temper, my frivolity, my caprice, my obstinacy—what else? My family will tell you the rest."

"Oh, I have all confidence," answered Horace Capdevielle, with an honest smile.

"And you are right," said M. de Glynne, almost involuntarily. "You begin life with all chances in your favor. I wish I were in your place."

"So you might marry Henriette?" demanded Constance recklessly.

Then she blushed under M. de Glynne's earnest gaze, while Henri-

ette blushed deeper, blushed to the very ears, shocked at such a supposition. Young Capdevielle seized the arm of his promised bride with feigned apprehension.

"Don't think of Henriette—Henriette is bespoken—nobody can have her but me."

"And she wants no one else," said Mlle. Duranton, with loving frankness, as she put her foot into the hand of her happy Horace to be lifted, somewhat clumsily, into her saddle.

Constance would not let any one help her; she could spring, light as a bird, onto the back of Carabin, which, after all, was not far from the ground. He had been sold by the government, notwithstanding his many excellencies, because he was not the regulation size for a remount.

While Constance, with infinite happiness, seemed to herself to take the part of Beatrice, her favorite in all literature, without any apprehension that there might be insurmountable difficulties in her path on earth, Dr. Vidal had been passing a much less agreeable afternoon disputing with his brother-in-law, who had undertaken to demonstrate to him that he was acting most imprudently in encouraging almost daily visits from his neighbor at the Park. People all around were talking of the attentions of this stranger, and were explaining them in ways prejudicial to the character of a young girl. The matter was being talked about even at Nérac.

"That is to say, Edelmone has put this into your head," cried the doctor angrily. "It takes a Puritan to see harm everywhere."

"Neither my wife nor any one else presumes to think that any harm at present exists, but it is not pleasant that people should suspect that M. de Glynne might have doubtful intentions."

"Doubtful! Nothing can be more

above-board and less reprehensible than his intentions. They are as clear as day. He likes to converse with the only man in the neighborhood who shares his tastes. That is what he comes for."

"But that man has a daughter."

"Well, what of that? Must a man be alone in the world before he has any right to receive a friend?"

"But a daughter old enough to be attractive."

"I told you what I thought on that subject the other day—that Stannie was much too young to be married."

The pastor laughed.

"What a good reason! Anyhow, your daughter seemed to be satisfied with it."

"Because she has common sense and thinks like her father."

"Or because all men seem to her unworthy compared to this paragon."

"You judge her by Henriette."

"Not at all; Henriette has given in very quickly. To give her a good reality was enough to make her forget chimeras. Constance will indulge in dreams; she will never renounce the ideal she has created."

"Who told you that she had any ideal?"

"The complete change in her. Before this her ideal was religious perfection; for some time past, she has added to it her ideal of love."

"What do you mean?"

"Just the pure truth. I know souls."

"Souls—!"

The doctor gave his little sardonic whistle, to indicate that he did not believe in that sort of thing. Physically Constance was developing; she would be better balanced soon. She was still only a child, a very intelligent child, able to understand serious talk—to a certain degree—and to be amused—that was natural—by the visits of a man of talent. This man, however, had never taken much notice

of her, except to read to her out of kindness, and what he read the pastor, strict as he was, could have found no fault with.

"Had he been less distant and less reserved he might not have succeeded so soon," persisted M. Duranton, with an obstinacy that was really provoking.

"What do you mean by succeeding, *tonnerre de Dieu!*"

The doctor relapsed into Gascon in moments of real anger.

"Succeeding in impressing the imagination of a girl of eighteen, who has nothing else to interest her."

"She would certainly interest herself in everything in the same fashion."

"Yes, if M. de Glynne was interested in everything, and he will be, that is very probable. Come now,—try to remember—provided your use of the microscope has left you any eyes to see the things around you—has not Constance been less gay when this personage was away?"

"She was not very well—a little fever—I gave her some quinine, and that was all there was to it. M. de Glynne's being away had nothing to do with it."

"But I wager she has had no need of quinine since his return."

"A fever turn in spring never lasts long, when it is properly attended to."

"Instead of attending to it, you probably increased it."

"The fever?"

"You don't choose to understand. Well, yes, this spring fever, this fever of excitement of which M. de Glynne is the cause."

"A handsome object to turn the head of a little girl! He has less hair on his head than I."

"Only what he has is not gray. A man may be very dangerous without having the hair of Samson. M. de Glynne has bewitched all the women

who have seen him at Nérac; we other men, we do not understand what is most fascinating in our own sex. Besides, I myself, who admired him to a certain extent from the first, I find him changed. He has an expressive face which, by flashes, makes him far more attractive than a mere handsome boy. Compare my future son-in-law to him—he is eclipsed, there is nothing left of him. Oh, I am not talking merely of manners, of knowledge of the ways of the world—though those are weapons—they are very powerful weapons, especially when they are directed at the daughter of my sister, the quintessence of elegance, if ever there was such a thing."

Doctor Vidal became thoughtful.

"You have come here to torment me out of all reason," he said wrathfully. "Are you satisfied?"

"I am sorry to torment you, but satisfied, indeed, if I have at last drawn your attention to what is becoming a danger for my niece,—at least, unless the Parisian is worthy of her and wants to marry her."

"No one will ever be worthy of her," replied Dr. Vidal. "Never mind, I was not worthy of Marguerite, and yet she gave herself to me. Stannie may do as her mother did, some day or other. But do we even know," he said, growing excited again, "whether this man, whom I esteem highly as a friend, having come to know him, has not, in spite of all that he says, some prejudices of position? May he not think himself above us? May he not shrink from such a marriage, though he may have been willing to pay my daughter such attentions as would trouble her peace of mind? *Que diable!* See what bad thoughts you have put into my head!"

"All that is what you will have to find out," said the pastor tranquilly.

"And you think that an easy thing

to do, don't you? I know but one way, and if I take that it will probably put an end to relations which I enjoyed, which have taken a certain place in my life. *Le diable vous emporte!*" he broke out again. "But, before taking this heroic measure, I wish to be quite sure that I am not like a fool going to tilt at wind-mills."

The way of finding this out which Dr. Vidal proposed to himself was very simple, and indeed excellent.

The next day being rainy, he went, in the most natural manner in the world, to dry his boots by the kitchen fire, and as usual he began to chat with his faithful Catinou.

"Well, Catinou, what is going on? Anything new?"

"*Be!*" Nothing particular."

And at the same time the old woman began to grin with her toothless jaws. Then she began to tell him some village gossip—a long scandal about a married woman, the mother of seven or eight children, and a tramp. "But what could be expected," said Catinou, "when people pick up one of these vagabonds who come from no one knows where and take them into their families—a stranger, a man who belongs to no one!"

It seemed to the doctor, so possessed was he by one idea, that this disparaging comment might fit M. de Glynne equally well. He laughed, however, and said that the man might have come from Moncrabeau, where there is said to be a stone that imparts skill in lying, and Catinou, pleased with his appreciation of the gossip, went on to give him some more. A certain wizard, often consulted by light-minded young girls, had been threatened with a visit from the gendarmes; and Françon was said to have gotten another lover, the other one having apparently become too much afraid of a pitchfork to care

any more about her; and Caoubet, Lacapère's ox, had fallen down in a fit. That was what people were all talking of in the neighborhood. And as Catinou went on, she used a favorite Gascon word with every sentence—a word that denotes a sort of resigned and contented fatalism, with sometimes a little grumbling in it—*es ataô*,—that's how it is—*es ataô*!

"And about us, Catinou, here in this house—do they never say anything?" asked the doctor.

Catinou fixed on her master her little sharp eyes, in which there was a gleam of mischief. Probably he wanted to see how far she could guess at things. Ah, yes—*cordiou*!—she could still see clearly, even if she was an old woman!

She began to laugh.

"You would get angry, perhaps?"

"Not at all. Tell me——"

And he at once began to think, "Samuel is right,—my daughter is already compromised; there is barely time to stop it."

"*Eh bé!* they are asking when the wedding is to be?"

"When the wedding is to be?"

"The wedding of our young lady and the gentleman from Paris, of course. Everybody has been talking about it for some time. People say he is rather old for her, but a man loses his good looks just as corn bread grows dark, but a house stays the same."

M. de Glynne was, of all men, likely to look ugly to a southern peasant. He was not square in the shoulders, nor of dark complexion, neither was he ruddy; of course they did not admire him. But then he was so rich, and what could one want more? They are of a practical spirit, these Gascons.

"I desire you to tell such chattering people that they are mistaken," said Dr. Vidal, brusquely. "There never has been any thought of such a marriage."

Catinou's face, tanned, wrinkled and seamed like a piece of old leather, assumed an expression of stupefaction and vague incredulity; then the good woman smiled all at once. Doubtless, for some good reason, the wedding would not come off at once; meantime her superiors did not want it talked about—she had understood! And as the doctor walked out of the kitchen, slamming the door after him, she proceeded to sweep the floor, humming to herself in a cracked voice the refrain of a ballad particularly appropriate to a wedding:

"Saouten doun, déridoun
Que la doundaino,
Saouten doun déridoun
Que la doundoun!"

Nobody was sharp enough to humbug old Catinou! She knew all about love affairs, though it was a long time—a very long time—since—

(To be continued.)

THE LAST PEASANT IN GREEK POETRY.

"We had not lost our balance then, nor grown Thought's slaves, and dead to every natural joy."

—"Empedocles on Etna."

Failing further discoveries, we must attribute to the sweet singer of Syracuse an entirely new literary treat-

ment of the peasant. Though the embryo of the idyll is to be found in the old pastoral stories of divine love affairs, as Theocritus himself implicitly states, yet he was the first to treat the countryman as a poetical

personage who possesses inherent charm and interest. He touched his moral qualities rather with humor than with pathos, but he neglected none of the traits which make the young Southern peasant a beautiful feature in the landscape. He first understood his relations with nature—a nature, not the sad nurse to all that die, but the bounteous mother of all that live. At the same time, he drew what he saw, and not what he imagined. He did not dress up lettered poets as shepherds, or the ladies of Versailles as shepherdesses. His rustics do not discuss politics or theology, the favorite themes of generations of succeeding swains. He idealized in the sense that he took what was attractive and left the rest; but what he took was true, not false; real, not artificial. It is the distinguishing trait of his charming poems that with their wild-flower fragrance they have a flavor of true rusticity. Many pastoral poets since have been elegant, and some have been rustic, but the combination of the two characteristics never again has attained to quite the same perfection as that reached by the inventor of the idyll.

Theocritus appears to have owed some obligations to the poet Stesichorus, whose countrymen at Catina have thought to compensate for the loss of all his works by naming after him their finest street, which they are sure is also the finest street in the world. It is pretty certain that he owed more to folk-songs. The very form of his *amœbæic* poems was taken from the toss-and-throw ditties sung at village *fêtes*, and it is still in use at country song-tournaments in Sicily. Livy believed it to be of Etruscan origin, but does not give his reason for doing so. The song of Lityrses in the Tenth Idyll is a real folk-song, and probably bits of actual folk-poetry are introduced elsewhere.

We know the scenery of the Idylls; it is that scenery of the pure South which comes upon the traveller one day as a sudden surprise, after he thought that he knew all about Southern nature. Any one who has driven from Sorrento on the Bay of Naples to Positana on the Bay of Salerno will understand what is meant. At a particular point, where the road, edged with gray-green aloes, reaches the crest of the mountain, and where a new horizon opens before us, we forget the familiar loveliness of the Sorrento orange-groves in our wonder, our bewilderment, at this new vision; air and sea are incomparably clearer; rocks grow painted; if the vegetation is scarcer, it is also more vivid in hue; the sun seems to have taken off a veil. Wherever there is this nature the peasant of to-day will remind you of his prototype of two thousand years ago. He has piped and sung and wooed and wed through the religious changes, the political convulsions that have gone on around him, as he did all these things when Theocritus took his likeness. They were no piping times of peace when the Idylls were written; Carthage and Rome made Sicily the battlefield between east and west. It was, however, one of the rare periods during which the Syracusan people were perfectly contented at home under the rule of a wise prince, and their domestic tranquillity may have contributed to produce the psychological moment for the birth of pastoral poetry.

An idyll generally attributed to Theocritus, though the authorship has been, perhaps with reason, contested—"Hercules the Lion-slayer, or the Wealth of Augeas"—gives a minute description of a *latifundia* of which the counterpart could doubtless have been found in Sicily during the reign of Hieron. Part of the land is laid out in vast cornfields, some thrice,

some four times, ploughed; here the vineyards turn to the sun, there the orchards, while the rich pastures sloping towards the river suffice for countless sheep and heads of cattle. Yonder, sacred and undisturbed, is Apollo's grove of wild olives. The husbandmen are lodged in spacious dwellings. Hither often comes their master, the king, accompanied by his son, for even princes deem that their house is safer if they look to it themselves. There is the usual incident of the dogs. The old husbandman drives them away, not by throwing stones, but by merely lifting them from the ground, and by reproving with his voice. "Strange," he muses, "what an intelligent creature is this which the gods have made to be with men; if only it knew how to distinguish whom to bark at from whom not, there would not be a beast to match it." To say the truth, Hercules in his lion-skin might look rather disreputable to even a wise dog, though his guide would be too polite to admit it. It was the lion-skin which afterwards caused a bull to run at him, whose powerful head he easily bent to earth, catching the horns, as the usage is with the Provençal peasants in their sports, which date back to the time when Provence was Greek.

We find a last key to the feeling of Greek antiquity about country things in the precious collection called the "Anthology." Here there is no rusticity; there is the utmost detachment from rusticity. These gems, so small and so perfect, could have only been made by people who were not only highly cultivated, but also highly literary; people who weighed poetry entirely by quality; with whom four lines might create a reputation. They are the handiwork of men who, seated at the banquet of all that a great race had performed, arrived at the appre-

ciation of the simple by the knowledge of the complex. They indicate a "return to Nature," inspired less by the old joyous instinct than by the finely trained sense of artists. They are full of the love of a beautiful home. Leonidas of Tarentum, when he thought of his Italian birthland in glorious Athens, felt still that exile from it was worse than death. The Greeks of Magna Græcia, of Byzantium, of Alexandria, did not leave a national epic or a great tragedy; they had not the wild exuberance of growth that is needed for the first, nor did they breathe an air charged with dramatic electricity, such as that breathed by Sophocles or Shakespeare. We remember their civilization by the roses of the "Anthology," as the Romans remembered the great city of Posëdonia by the roses of Pæstum.

The position of that city between the blue plain of the sea and the green plain of the land betokens a race which did not hunger after heights, as did the Greeks of Greece. These Greeks, in spite of their one great star-gazer, were not constantly looking up, but they were constantly looking down—looking at the things at their feet. They lacked the mental virginity of Homer, who could speak sincerely of "godlike swineherds" and they were without the affectation which uses such terms insincerely. Nor did they see the peasant chiefly in the transfiguring season of his youthful love. He interested them most when he was old. The charming story of the two old fishermen who discuss their dreams in the Twenty-first Idyll of Theocritus bears some resemblance to the poems of humble life in the "Anthology"; but while it is pervaded by a quiet laughter they are steeped in the *pur dictame* of tears. The "Anthology" is a true book of Pity and Death.

Here is the tomb of the shipwrecked sailor; there, that of the farm laborer; "a common Hades under sea and land." Eumelus, the fowler, who never kissed the hand of a stranger for food, made his living with birdlime and sticks. Now, at ninety, he is dead and has left to his children birdlime, birds and sticks. One without a name will not complain because he is untended when dead; but it grieves him that the plough turns up his bones. The cows come, wretched, of their own accord, to their shed from a mountain covered with snow; alas! their master lies dead at the foot of an oak, struck by lightning. How forlorn that vision of the unled cows trooping alone down to the home that was desolate! The following by Antipater of Byzantium, seems to me the most pathetic thing in all poetry: "A single heifer, and a sheep with wool like hair, was the wealth of Aristides; by these he kept off hunger from his door. But he failed in both. A wolf killed the sheep and labor pains the heifer, and the herd of poverty perished, and he, having twisted a noose to his neck with the string that tied round his wallet, died piteously by his cabin where there was no lowing."

Agriculture is not a calling that leads, as has been supposed, to the possession of a quiet mind. Calligines, the countryman, consults a soothsayer about the coming summer and the harvest; he gets the answer: *If* there be rain enough and not too much; *if* the plants be richer in fruitage than in leafage; *if* frost visits not the furrows nor halt the wheat; *if* fauns eat not up the crop—then, unless after all, locusts descend on the land a good harvest may be hoped for. There are as many "ifs" now, with a good many more thrown in; fauns, dear creatures, are dead, along with the gods; but to-day that part of the prophecy would run: "If trespassing

goats do not get at the crop;" and maybe the depredations were then also committed by goats, and not by the guileless fauns, after all, for the goat is an ancient animal and wise, and quite capable of arranging in a manner that blame due to him should fall on the head of the innocent.

The pious ploughman sets apart certain "holy unsown enclosures" for Pan, and the old shepherd dedicates to him his crook, now that he can work no more, though he is still able to play on his reed pipe. Another old shepherd, Cleitagoras, "laid to rest on the mountain-side," prays that the sheep may bleat over him, while a shepherd, seated on a rough rock, gently pipes to them as they feed.¹ In this, which is by Leonidas of Tarentum, there is the radiance, not the gloom, of pathos; and that same radiance illuminates the epitaph from an unknown source, in which the dear Earth is asked to receive into her bosom old Amyntichus, who had labored so long for her, planting olives and vines and corn, watered by well-cut channels, and herbs and fruit-trees. "Lie gently on his head and cover him with flowers in the spring." A thought is present here which must have struck whoever has watched a rustic funeral; the cultivator alone does not go into a strange bed. He has been ever at one with nature; a complement to the earth he tilled, not a strange wandering being on it. He is going to be part of it now, and it seems sweet and hospitable, not cold and foreign.

But these exquisite poets did not only see man in the country; sad enough would it have seemed to them if man were only in it. They had the tender love for all creatures which

¹ A recent traveller has noticed in the new cemetery at Keropi, behind Hymettus, this epitaph, which is exactly in the spirit of the "Anthology": "Here lies Georgios—after living seventy-five years—buried under his own wondrous oak."

some people think is a modern invention. What would be the "Anthology" without the cicada, "that never knows old age"? The gentle poets who could pause on their way to liberate a cricket from a spider's web sympathized even with beasts of prey. Who can find a prettier "lion-story" than that told by Leonidas of Alexandria, how, in a fearful night of storm and hail, a solitary lion went to the hut of some goatherds up in the mountains, his limbs already stiffened with cold; the goatherds crouched together, calling upon the gods, regardless of the goats; but the lion stayed through the storm and then went away, having done no harm to man or beast. Like peasants to-day in some shrine of the Madonna, so they hung upon an oak a picture of the event as an *ex-voto* thank-offering to "Zeus, who is in the hill-tops." But the honor is still with the lion.

What dog has had a more touching epitaph than the words inscribed by a Greek poet on the monument to his favorite: "Laugh not, you who pass, though this is the grave of a dog: I have been wept for?"

The hen which cradled her nurslings under her wings till she was frozen

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to death as still she tried to protect them from the wintry snow; the young cow which, while ploughing, looks anxiously back at the calf that follows her along the furrows—are they not pitiful and gracious images? It is clear that some of the writers had begun to feel a scruple about animal sacrifices. Sometimes that scruple takes a pious form, as when Zeus "the Ethereal" is beseeched to spare the bull, "the ploughing animal," that belows, a suppliant, at his altar; elsewhere it reveals a nascent scepticism. Hercules needs a sheep every day to keep away the wolves; does it much matter to the sheep if it be eaten by wolves or by Hercules? Hermes is praised for being satisfied with offerings of milk and honey.

Addæus of Macedon (and with him I must end these cullings from the most delightful garden in the world) made immortal the husbandman Alcon, who, when his ox was worn out by the furrow, forebore to lead it to the slaughtering-knife, through respect for its labors, but turned it into a meadow of deep grass, where it showed its content by lowing for its freedom from the plough.

Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco.

EXPERTO CREDE.

Men lean on pleasant staves for many years,
And gladly use them day by day;
So sweet the journey is, they have no fears
How long and weary is the way.

Until the staff is broken—then they know
How much they leant upon their friend;
And o'er the dull, hard way they sadly go,
And speed them forward to the end.

E. H. Coleridge.

THE SPECTRE OF LAVINGTON.

During the short time that had passed since his institution the new Rector of Lavington had heard a good deal about the Squire's daughter. It seems an ungallant thing to say, but she was the one bitter drop in the cup which otherwise promised to be all sweetness. In other respects, he told himself, the change which he had made was for the better. After moving in the natural sequence of events from one curacy to another, it was good to feel settled at last; good to be at no one's beck and call, although in one sense—and he gloried in it—he was servant of all. He meant, indeed, to study his people's wishes, to win their confidence, not to ride rough-shod through prejudice and tradition, as he had known other rectors do; but, even so, the fact remained that he was at length what the world would call "his own master."

He had hitherto worked in towns, where poverty and squalor and overcrowding had prevailed to a hideous extent, in spite of all that modern zeal and methods could do; but he had, during a season of temporary ill-health, done duty in a country parish, and he flattered himself that he knew something of the difficulties that might beset him in his new sphere. The Bishop, however, had given him to understand that it was a favorable field in which to begin work on his own account, for, sad to say, the parish had been much neglected. The late rector had been old and infirm, and often absent, leaving his place to be filled by *locum tenens*, who came and went pretty frequently. The various parochial agencies, such as Sunday-schools, had, he believed, been carried on as usual, but without a head the work must of ne-

cessity have been desultory and fitful. The people would welcome a guiding hand at the helm, and a new rector, instead of having to run counter to some energetic predecessor's ideas, would be able, to all intents and purposes, to make a fresh beginning for himself. These deductions the Bishop had made from information extracted with difficulty from the churchwardens—two worthy farmers—who had been too much overcome by the importance of an interview at the Palace to be very talkative. The Squire—oh, yes—the Squire was an easy man to get on with. He and his wife were quite old people, their family grown up and off their hands, with the exception of one daughter—"the necessity and comfort of old age," smiled his Lordship.

For a passing moment a picture framed itself in the Rector's mind of a middle-aged woman devoting herself to her aged parents; and then he thought no more about her until a few days after his arrival at Lavington.

By that time he had found out that the Bishop was right on at least one point—namely, that there was little or no dissent in the parish. There seemed, also, to be little of the bickering and party spirit too often found in hamlets, outwardly the homes of peace and beauty. People apparently loved each other more than is usually the case in country villages. They gave him a cordial welcome, and said "it wer a good job to have a parson of our own at last!"

"Miss Penelope too—she'll be real glad! Them curates as was always comin' and goin' bothered her rarely," said the old sexton, as after service on the first Sunday evening he and his rector stood together in the vestry, the latter occupied in filling up, with no

little satisfaction, the columns of the churchwardens' book.

"And who is Miss Penelope?" asked Mr. Hardinge, with a half smile at the name, as he dipped his pen in the ink.

"Why, the Squire's daughter up at the Hall," answered the man, with a jerk of his thumb towards the north-west corner of the vestry.

"How did the curates bother her?"

Really these country people were amusing in their slow way.

"Well, I can't say 'zackly *how*, but she had 'words' now and agin with them. Miss Penelope, she won't stand no nonsense!"

The Rector's face became grave. Here was the Squire's daughter in quite a new light; no longer the devoted daughter, but a woman with a tongue—a lady so lost to the fitness of things as to have "words" with her parish priest. It would be as well, perhaps, to learn a little more about her.

"But what has Miss Graham to do with the clergy, that they should disagree?" he asked in more orthodox language.

"Oh, she loikes to have a finger in every pie, she do! She knows more about the parish nor any parson. I often say as I don't see we wants one at all as long as we've got Miss Penelope. She's as good as one any day."

A huge grin distorted the speaker's countenance, and served him in place of a chuckle at his own joke.

"But she has been absent more than a month apparently—"

"That don't make no difference! She's down pretty sharp on folk if she don't find 'em up to the mark when she comes back. But she has a good heart, bless yer, in spite of her ways."

Her ways!

Mr. Hardinge hastily blotted the entries he had made, and, gathering up his books and hat, with a brief "good-night" went out at the door.

The sexton looked after him.

"He's sudden loike," he said aloud, "somethin' loike Miss Penelope."

A cloud had indeed suddenly descended on the Rector's spirit, and although such clouds are not always definable, he knew that the name, Penelope, had called up this for him.

His first Sunday had naturally been somewhat anxious and exciting, but at the end of it he had gone into the vestry in a very happy frame of mind, truly thankful for the position in which he found himself, and for the success which he could not but feel had so far attended his efforts. That the church had been packed was not so much the point. The people would flock out of curiosity, but they had listened attentively to his simple, direct discourse, and thanked him afterwards for speaking so "plain like." Every one seemed to have a word and a smile for him. He had a hundred plans to carry out, a score of theories to test the truth of, and under such happy auspices it ought not to be difficult to make Lavington soon a model parish.

Such had been his thoughts ten minutes ago, but now—!

The sexton's words came back to him. Graphic as was the man's description of the lady, his chuckles, and the facetious manner of his speech would seem to indicate that he had not said all. What scope was there not for the vagaries of feminine conduct in the phrase, "her ways"?

He fairly groaned.

He was man enough to like a few obstacles in his path, but like many of us he preferred to choose them, and Miss Penelope, with her sharp, overbearing, meddling temperament, was not to his mind. Backed up as she was by her position as the Squire's daughter, and the means at her command, she would be difficult to dislodge. But here the Rector became aware that his thoughts were not quite

what they ought to be; that they were becoming bitter, not to say unchristian. Did he not value the ministry of women? and, after all, the man had said she had a good heart. He was not sure, however, that, uttered in such a context, the words were not ominous.

As the week wore on he found, indeed, that Miss Penelope permeated the parish. He was met at every turn by her wishes and desires. "She must be a woman of considerable strength of character," was the conviction forced upon him; for in several instances where he had offered very reasonable advice, which was undoubtedly acceptable, the people reserved their decision until it should have the seal of Miss Penelope's arrival. Though still unknown to him, so real had she become that he seemed to see her tall, manly, short-skirted form disappearing round corners as he went about the parish. He modelled for himself the course of conduct he would pursue when they in reality met face to face. He must be firm from the beginning, not needlessly thwarting her, but it was absolutely necessary for the good of all that he should take his proper position as rector.

This was his mental condition when, on the following Thursday morning, a college friend ran down from town to see him.

This friend was an excellent antidote to James Hardinge's sadder views of life. He had no forebodings, and apparently few regrets, while the present was generally—as he expressed it—good enough for him.

"You've got a pretty good billet here, I should say," he remarked soon after his arrival.

They were drinking tea outside the study window, over which clustered a late blossoming rose. Through a gap in the trees they could see the cut harvest fields lying golden in the sunshine,

and a tiny trout stream glimmering on its course.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. But the "yes" was not quite whole-hearted, and Charlie Cox, knowing his friend well, asked—

"What's wrong, old chap?"

The whole story was soon before him, and the silence with which he listened to it seemed to be sympathetic.

"Well," he said, when it came to an end, "there's only one thing for you to do that I can see—marry her."

The Rector gave a gesture of disgust and disapproval at the tone of the remark.

"It is no joking matter, I can assure you," he exclaimed, getting up from his chair and beginning to pace up and down.

"Quite so; that's why I said marry her."

The words were said gravely enough, and it was difficult to see the speaker's eyes as he sat smoking at ease, his feet on another chair, with his straw hat tilted over his forehead. Mr. Hardinge's face grew even more troubled.

"You see, one cannot be rude to a woman," he continued.

Charlie Cox shouted with laughter.

"You could not be, I am sure," he said. "Rude—to a ministering angel!"

"It was the one drawback," the other went on, unheeding; "I remember now that Williams told me he had in his country parish a lady of influence in the place, who ruled everything, and interfered with him at every turn. Now, if she was only a man—"

"You could swear at her," finished his friend. "Look here, old chap," he cried, rising and slapping him on the shoulder, "don't you worry about her! Give her a chance, too. She may turn out to be a most fascinating damsel."

"Not she," groaned Mr. Hardinge. "Only this morning an old woman called her a 'dear, good soul!'" But

it was a relief even to have alred his grievance, for it had been obviously impossible to discuss the Squire's daughter with the village people.

Charlie Cox left early the next morning, and the friends bicycled down to the station together, the Gladstone being conveyed in the butcher's cart.

"You'll see me again before long," remarked the departing guest. "There's a flavor of unconventionality about your arrangements, and of possible romance and intrigue, which will be refreshing to a hard-worked man?"

They found the station-master, man of leisure as he was, standing in the middle of the line. He touched his cap, and having waved one of his satellites to their assistance, came forward.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning," replied his rector.

"The Squire returns to-day, sir."

"And Miss Penelope?" put in Charlie Cox quickly.

The man looked at him. Who was this stranger who uttered her name so glibly?

"And Miss Penelope, of course, sir," he answered slowly. "She never leaves her parents."

"Good hearing for you, Jim," muttered Cox, as the man moved off. "She won't be wanting to exchange the Hall for the Rectory, though, of course, the two are not very far apart—"

But here the train came in, and the speaker took his seat in an empty carriage.

"I have a premonition," he said, with his head out of the window, "that—not *next* time, perhaps, but later on—I shall come down to be best man at Miss—." The sentence was left unfinished, for the station-master came along, and would have pricked up his ears at a second mention of "Miss Penelope," while the Rector waved his hand to his mocking friend.

He did his usual round of visiting up

to one o'clock, then shut himself up in his own domain for the rest of the day, for he had no intention of allowing Miss Penelope to view him for the first time from the vantage-ground of her carriage and pair; she would be quite capable of hailing him to come up and speak to her! It was absolutely necessary, too, that he should cultivate a hobby of some sort as a recreation. Later on he might become a fisherman, but, as yet, he was unlearned in the art; to-day, therefore, he would garden. The flower-beds, though brilliant, were overgrown and untidy; to the uninitiated it was ticklish work to begin meddling with them, so he turned his attention to the grass, where another year he hoped to lay out a tennis-lawn. He knew the difference between a daisy and a dandelion. The latter were, without doubt, obnoxious weeds, and, seated on a low stool in his shirtsleeves, the new rector prodded away for a couple of hours; prodded, as if his one thought was the destruction of the dandelions, while all the time the spirit of Miss Penelope seemed to hover near him, and only vanished with the sound of retreating wheels, which he heard about four o'clock, and which, he knew well, was the Hall carriage going home.

He wondered, when he got up the next morning, what the day would bring forth for him. Anything would be better than this suspense, and he was almost disappointed to find the children assembled at the Sunday-school with no sign of Miss Penelope.

"I have placed the classes as you wished, sir," said the school-master; "but I think you said that you would not want my help to-day."

"Nor shall I," said the Rector, with his pleasant smile. "I shall take the older boys myself."

"But Miss—"

"I am particularly fond of lads," he

went on. "I am glad to see so many of them here. Yes, my boy—what is it?" he asked, as a small urchin shuffled up to him.

"Please, sir, may I take care of Nipper to-day?"

"Who is Nipper?"

"Miss Penelope's dog, sir."

"Dog?" echoed the Rector. Was it possible that she brought a dog with her?

"Miss Penelope is not here, as you see," he replied, rather sternly. "Go back to your seat. Now, boys—silence!"

And so prayers were got through with. Then Mr. Hardinge seated himself in front of the class of big boys, and was about to inquire whether they were in the habit of learning their collects, when a squeal, followed by an angry voice, drew his attention to the further end of the room. He went to see what was the matter, and was on the point of resuming his seat, when the door was pushed open by a good-sized Irish terrier, who, wagging his tail in a most friendly manner, took up his position in the midst of the boys. He was followed by a young lady—really young, not much, probably, over twenty. She was of middle height, dressed—Mr. Hardinge's town experience told him—fashionably, in a white skirt and a flowered muslin blouse; her hat a veritable flower-garden, after the fashion of the day. She had brown curly hair, and eyes which were dark blue, or violet, as you chose to call them. She paused just inside the door at the sight of the tall, well-groomed young clergyman. The faintest look of surprise flitted across her face; then she opened her lips to speak.

"I am—" she began.

"Miss Penelope!" shouted the boys behind him; and the girl's face broke into a smile.

"Yes," she said. "They've introduced me. We got back last night."

The Rector murmured something—

what he could never remember—about being glad to hear that the Squire had returned. Meanwhile, Miss Penelope had crossed over, and, drawing off a pair of white doeskin gloves, she deposited them and a dainty chiffon parasol on the chair he had just vacated.

"Our clocks must be wrong," she remarked. "You seem to have had prayers."

It was the first scent of battle, and the Rector recovered from his momentary bewilderment.

"I have altered the hour to a quarter before nine," he said gravely.

"Oh!" said Miss Penelope; but nothing more, and taking up her parasol, she sat down and faced the class.

"Now, boys," she cried, in her fresh, girlish voice, "before we get to collects, let me hear what you have been doing."

There was a babel instantly, but Mr. Hardinge was incapable of quelling it. He walked out into the porch, closing the door softly behind him. There, as he stood with the delicious morning breeze fanning his brow, and the sound of the church-bells making music in his ears, he was a prey, for a few moments, to the most unenviable feelings. No Amazon of his imagination could have routed him more effectually than this pretty, soft-voiced, gaily dressed girl had done. He only trusted that the boys had not perceived that he intended to take the class himself. There was little deference and scant courtesy, he told himself, in her greeting. Her coming had been the signal for an instant uproar.

What was to be done?

He thought it out for quite a quarter of an hour, but came to no definite conclusion, and, on returning to the room, busied himself as best he might at the book-cupboard. He glanced at the elder boys. The collects appeared to have been already disposed of, and the Squire's daughter was talking to an

enthralled audience. They listened with open eyes and ears, and you might have heard a pin drop. "Did he get drowned, miss?" he heard one eager voice say, and, wondering considerably, he contrived to get within earshot. What could the discourse be about? The lesson for the day had nothing to do with the sea.

Miss Penelope was evidently telling them of her adventures while away—of an exciting row against wind and tide which she and some friends had had on Ulleswater. She was, no doubt, using her experience to illustrate some point in the lesson she was teaching, and he waited for the moral. It came at last: "And so, boys, you must all learn to swim!"

In spite of himself the Rector almost laughed aloud, then decided that it was only what he might have expected. This dressed-up doll added ignorance to her officiousness.

Miss Penelope, however, looked in no wise dissatisfied with her capabilities as a teacher when she approached him after school was over.

"My father wishes me to say that he and mother are too tired after their journey to come to church to-day, but they hope you will dine with us to-morrow night," was the substance of the message she had to deliver.

"And what do you think of your new pastor?" asked the Squire of his daughter at lunch.

"I don't like him at all," was the answer; but Penelope never did like the curates, often with reason, her father thought. This, however, was a more serious matter.

"I am sorry to hear that, my dear," he said. "What's the matter with him?"

The girl made a little grimace.

"I don't know," she said frankly; and the Squire refused to see any fault in his guest after an evening spent in his company.

"A thoroughly good fellow, a gentleman, and well educated. A boon to us all in a dull little place like this."

"I'm glad *you* like him, dear," laughed Penelope, as she put up her face for a good-night kiss.

Upstairs she stood before the glass for several minutes, but she was not meditating just then on her own charms.

"After all, he's better than the noodies we've had before," she told the vision in the glass. "It would have been a horrible bore to have had one of them as a fixture. But I think he's a woman-hater—that's what is the matter with him!" For although she had an intense admiration herself for her good old father, it was a little curious, not to say unusual, that a young man should spend a whole evening in her company and but rarely look her way.

The evening had gone off in other respects very well, for the Squire, discerning in the new Rector a kindred spirit, had discussed wider topics, and parochial matters were not touched on till the close. Then, with a hearty grasp of the hand, the host had said, "We are exceedingly glad to have you among us, my dear sir; and you will find plenty to do. Poor old Wilson had such bad health of late that he could not look after the place; but my little girl here will do what she can to help you. I expect Mr. Hardinge hardly guesses what a right hand he will have in you, Penelope—eh?"

"I expect Mr. Hardinge is a host in himself," replied that young lady quite pleasantly, yet with a certain indifference which somewhat galled the Rector. He went home, notwithstanding, in excellent spirits, soothed and cheered by the refinements and pleasantries of the evening, while the kindness of the old people and even the conventionality of the daughter au-

gured well for the future. There would be little fear, he fancied, of open warfare with Miss Penelope, and if her last remark had a flavor of sarcasm about it, it was well within the bounds of politeness. So far, so good, for the idea of having "words" with any woman, whoever she might be, had been most distasteful to him. As a matter of fact, no idea of warfare had entered Miss Penelope's pretty head. She had recognized him instantly as a man of different calibre to his predecessors. She had been surprised, a little taken aback, perhaps, by his easy assumption of authority in the morning, but her latent dissatisfaction with him was as a man, and not as a parish priest.

It would take too long to tell in detail the tale of this country parish during the next few months. The work prospered, as it could not fail to do when two such energetic spirits worked hand-in-hand, for this was what the Rector and Miss Penelope were actually doing, without argument or protest on the former's part. He acknowledged to himself that she had won all along the line, but what could he do? He had suggested vases in the church; Miss Penelope, on the spot, desired her father to present them, and promised to keep them filled herself. The church hangings were shabby; Miss Penelope had had lessons in church embroidery, and undertook to renovate them. Mr. Hardinge wished to start a night school, and the Squire's daughter, while falling in with most of the arrangements, suggested others so full of common sense that he adopted them forthwith. He talked of a cricket club in the summer, and Miss Penelope set to work on flags for the field and monograms for the members' caps. He told himself that others ought to have an opportunity of sharing in the work, but could he pretend that any one else in the place

was capable of doing all she had undertaken? She was, as her father had said she would be, his right hand; and she so far fulfilled his dreams that he saw her often disappearing round corners very quickly—on her bicycle.

In the late spring came a wire from his friend Cox to say that he could get away for a few days; so the Rector, polishing off his work quickly one morning, rode down to the station to meet him. At least, he started, but halfway was stopped by Miss Penelope. She had something to ask him. That it must be something important he knew, for, although she never avoided him, she never troubled him unnecessarily. He dismounted, therefore, with alacrity, and the minutes flew unheeded by. Thus it came about that the train came in and Charlie Cox came up just as Miss Penelope was mounting and calling out, "All right; I won't forget."

"Lucky man! does she mean you?" muttered Cox, but Mr. Hardinge did not hear him, and the usual greetings followed.

"Were you coming to meet me?" asked the guest a little maliciously.

"I was. I'm sorry I was late."

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "You had a pretty enough excuse. Who is she?"

"Miss Penelope—" began the Rector, but, almost before the words were out of his mouth, it flashed across him what their effect would be on his companion. As it was, Charlie Cox, who was coasting down hill, nearly fell off. His bicycle swerved dangerously as his hearty laugh rang out.

"Miss Penelope!" he cried.

"Don't shout her name to the four winds, man," said the Rector, trying to look stern.

"Good Lord!" said Cox in a strangled voice, recovering himself a little.

It was in vain his friend assured him that, although she might not be all his

fancy had pictured her in person, she still fulfilled the sexton's prophecy in almost every particular: that she had indeed a "finger in every pie," and "ways" innumerable, though here he was not quite honest, for the "ways," though all her own, were not unpleasant.

"May all my troubles vanish as sweetly!" was all that Cox would say. "I should like to see her again."

"You can do so if you like, for they are having some tennis on the asphalt court this afternoon."

"Good. We'll go," decided the guest.

These afternoons at the Hall were usually most enjoyable. The Squire and his wife and, it may be added, their daughter, had all the happy knack of putting every one at their ease. To-day was no exception to the rule, although Mr. Hardinge thought that Charlie Cox made himself almost too much at home. He was undoubtedly encouraged by Miss Penelope, who devoted a good deal of attention to him, and almost ignored her rector. She left the latter to talk to the older people, and so arranged that he should have for a partner at tennis a sporting lady, whom she must have known he particularly disliked, while she played on the other side of the net, herself, with his friend. But the friend, in spite of his chatter and nonsense, was not unobservant. He "wondered" a little, too, but decided that Miss Penelope, in common with others of her sex, had moods.

Soon afterwards the Hall party went for their annual change. It lasted about six weeks, and the last few days of it were spent in London. One afternoon Penelope was walking with some friends in the gardens of the Imperial Institute when she found herself face to face with Charlie Cox. The recognition was mutual, and the young man was evidently well pleased to meet her.

"How d'ye do, Miss Penelope? This is luck! How's Hardinge?" he cried.

Penelope got scarlet, much to her own annoyance and her companion's surprise. He had put the question about his friend quite innocently, for, after all, she was just a link between them, and it was natural to inquire after him. He had been abrupt, however, and Miss Graham was evidently embarrassed.

"He is quite well—I believe," she answered rather formally.

"I don't suppose I ought to have said 'Miss Penelope,'" he went on quickly, by way of saying something, "but I've never heard you called anything else, you know."

"Haven't you?" laughed the girl, herself again. "I believe the village people always—but you have not been much among them," she broke off to add.

"Oh, for the matter of that, your rector does it, too! In fact, he called you 'Miss Penelope' to me before he ever saw you!"

"Really!" said his companion, bent apparently on dislodging a stone with the point of her parasol, and not looking particularly displeased.

"I suppose he told you the awful phantom he conjured up as likely to be you before he saw you?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Didn't he?" exclaimed Mr. Cox. And the Squire's daughter laughed merrily at his description of the Rector's forebodings.

"But all the same, I don't see why he should have taken it for granted that I should be like that," she remarked. Her eyes were sparkling. It pleased her to reflect on what must have been his feelings that first Sunday morning.

"Well, I think it was that old sexton chap's account of the way you went about the parish—and—saw to everything, don't you know!"

"Wicked old man!" cried Penelope, "to insinuate that I was such a busy-body."

"Yes; that's just what he did say—that you had a finger in every pie!"

"Mr. Hardinge has not found it so, I hope," said Miss Graham, only half in earnest.

"Well, I'm not so sure," Charlie Cox answered mischievously. This girl could evidently appreciate a joke against herself.

"Has he ever said so *since* he has known me?" she asked, now wholly serious, and rather sharply.

Her companion opened his mouth to say "no," then remembered that the Rector had indeed used those very words: he hesitated, and was lost!

"When did he say so?" asked Miss Penelope, with rising color, as she looked at him very straight.

"Oh! I don't know," began the unlucky young man, suddenly alive to the fact that he was in rather a hole.

"Last time you were down?" the girl continued, relentlessly; and he uttered a reluctant "yes."

"Oh! come now, Miss Penelope," he cried hastily, for, of course, he must convince her that her rector could not have meant what he said, but his good intentions were frustrated by the rest of the party coming up, and the conversation ended abruptly. He felt decidedly uncomfortable. He wished that he knew when the Grahams were returning to Lavington. He must in all fairness give his friend a hint of what had happened.

But he little guessed Miss Penelope's real feelings at learning in what light her pastor viewed her efforts to do good. She had never felt so hurt and humiliated in all her life before! "A finger in every pie!" What a vulgar thing to say; as if she was some prying, meddling old maid. And she had done nothing more than she used to do when the former curates had

been there. The only difference was that he took the lead more than they had ever done. He was fitted to do so; and, somehow, it had never occurred to her to make him the impatient little speeches to which they had in turn been treated when their incompetence, or slackness, or—the truth must out—their love-making irritated her. That was one thing to be thankful for. *He* had never troubled her that way; on the contrary, he was generally quite cool and formal, although he could be *charming* when he liked. He had been so on occasions to her. But he must have a horribly uncharitable mind to speak of all her work in such a fashion. She loved it so—and the village people; she was sure they too loved her. No one, so far as she knew, had ever blamed or held her in contempt before. Miss Penelope's pretty violet eyes were drowned in tears.

They went home the next day; but already her mind was made up as to what she was going to do. Her first impulse, to give up all parochial work, was put aside as not only impossible, but unworthy, for any good she had done in her native place had not been done simply because it had fallen to her hand. No, she would still do her duty to her poorer neighbors, but never again would she offer her rector advice, or show more than a perfunctory interest in his plans.

She was not, however, prepared to meet him quite so soon as the very first evening of their arrival, but it so happened that Mr. Hardinge had a knotty point to settle, and, all unaware of what was in store for him, pretty sure, too, of a warm welcome, he walked up to the Hall after dinner. It was Miss Penelope he wanted to see; but Miss Penelope was busy, and it was not until he told her mother that his business was urgent that she condescended to appear. Moreover, when she did appear, she had no opinion at

all on the subject. He must really please himself!

The Rector looked surprised—as well he might. They had parted very good friends, a fact which had been his one solace during the last six weeks. For, strange to say, Miss Penelope's absence had accomplished what her presence had failed to do. While she was about the place she was a constant reminder to him of those first principles of his rights as rector, and his abhorrence of feminine interference, which he had at the beginning so forcibly impressed on Charlie Cox. He had drifted on through the summer in seeming tolerance of her and her "ways," but after his friend's second visit he had taken himself seriously to task. Blue eyes or green, what did it matter? It was due to himself to act as if she were indeed all he had believed her to be while still unknown. Then she went away, and lo! the parish was a barren waste, and his parishioners as dull as ditch-water. So he gave in, and found immediately that he must have been blind, and deaf, and a fool not to have done so long before. What a rector's wife she would make! The distance between the Hall and the Rectory was not far in reality; that it might be deemed so metaphorically never entered his head. She had always been his good friend, a good basis, he fancied, to work on, and so, full of the delight of seeing her again, he rose to meet her now. She might, however, have been meeting him almost for the first time. Her politeness was freezing, and all the while Penelope flattered herself that, except for a little proper reserve, her manner was much as usual. At last, as he could get nothing more out of her, mystified beyond measure, he took his leave, conscious that for some unfathomable reason the evening was ending most unhappily for him.

The Squire met him on the threshold of the library, where they had been sitting.

"Just off, are you? Here, Penelope, unlock the wooden gate for Mr. Hardinge. The boys are not proof against my Bleinheim oranges," he explained. "and we lock the gate till the apples are gathered."

Now it was a short cut through the orchard, which the Rector always took, and he might take now, if Miss Penelope would only open the gate for him. But he expected to see her hand over the task to a servant. She came forward, however, and taking the key, stepped out by his side into the moonlight. He glanced at her, more puzzled than ever. She looked pale, and rather grave. He uttered some conventional remark, and they reached the gate. Penelope unlocked it, and passing through, he turned round and put out his hand to say "good-night." But the girl put both hers behind her.

"There is something I wanted to say," she began, all in a hurry. "You are aware that I have worked in the parish ever since I was a child, and done my best to keep things together through all the changes—"

"And a very good 'best' it was," put in the Rector.

"Please don't interrupt!" said Miss Penelope, in a tone that rather startled him. "It was my best, anyhow, and—"

"Yes?" said her companion inquiringly, and waited.

Now, although Miss Penelope had had no intention of speaking at all on the matter when she left the house, she had rehearsed her words many times and well; but she had not rehearsed the inclination to cry that now possessed her. It was the outcome, of course, of the indignation which was almost choking her; at the same time, it was inconvenient. At any cost she must preserve her self-possession.

Seeing that she could not speak, and also that she was not altogether angry as he had thought, Mr. Hardinge said gently, "What's the matter? Tell me."

"This—" cried the girl, with a catch in her breath, her courage returning. "I understand that you think me meddling and interfering."

"Miss Penelope, I assure you—" began the Rector warmly.

"You told somebody—your own friend—that I had a finger in every pie."

"My own friend is a traitor," remarked Mr. Hardinge, with a quietness he was very far from feeling; but he was beginning to see light.

"Then you can't deny it!" cried the Squire's daughter, the tears all gone, and her head held high in triumph. He would, of course, attempt to do so all the same; but what *was* the man saying?

"But I like your meddling! Penelope—as my wife, you could meddle to your heart's content."

"Indeed! It's a right I don't covet at all, let me tell you," came glibly from the girl's lips, but her voice trembled a little.

Temple Bar.

"No? Then allow me to lock the gate for you," said James Hardinge, as he laid hold of the big key, whose cold, unyielding iron Penelope had been clasping tightly in both hands for some time past. She held it fast, still in sheer astonishment, and his hand held hers, and then—well, somehow, the key dropped down among the brown rustling leaves, and full half-an-hour afterwards Miss Penelope said, in the meekest of voices, to a groping figure: "Oh! never mind the key. What *does* it matter?"

There was the Squire, however to be reckoned with the next morning.

"I cannot understand, Penelope," he said in his most judicial tones—"I cannot understand how you came to forget to lock the orchard gate last night, after all!"

Miss Penelope blushed rosily behind the coffee cups, and, perhaps, because her father was, as he always expressed it, "a little hard of hearing," he did not quite catch her answer. Anyway, it had to be explained to him later on that he had lost something of more value to him than his Blenheim oranges.

K. M. Fitzgerald.

TAKE CARE OF THE BOYS.

The appearance last year of Mr. Douglas Morrison's comprehensive and suggestive book on Juvenile Offenders is one more sign that the public conscience is at last awakening in earnest to the necessity of drastic reform in our methods of dealing with actual and potential crime. He tells us, and not for the first time, that we have been living in a fool's paradise, fancying that crime is diminishing when it is not, trusting as we did to statistics that were misleading be-

cause incomplete. He points out that the real danger to society is not occasional, but habitual, crime, that habitual crime is increasing, and that, as a rule, the habitual criminal is one who begins early. This is his summary:—

The juvenile offender is the result of the adverse individual and social conditions under which he has to live. As far as adverse individual conditions are concerned, it is found, for example, in a very considerable proportion of cases, that the juvenile who comes

within the arm of the law is both mentally and physically, as well as morally, below the average of the general youthful population of the same age and sex. And, as far as social conditions are concerned, it is likewise found that the parental and economic circumstances of the juvenile delinquent are, in the majority of cases, exceedingly defective and abnormal. In short, the final outcome of our inquiry has been to bring home the conviction that juvenile crime is the necessary outcome of the miserable individual and social circumstances of the juvenile offender. It follows from what has been said respecting the genesis of juvenile delinquency, that the only effective method of dealing with it so as to diminish its proportions is to remove the conditions from which it originates, as far as they are removable.

In other words, the only way of getting rid of the juvenile offender is to lay hold of the juvenile before he has begun to offend. Reformatory work is good; preventive work is better; more prudent, more economical, more hopeful.

This preventive work does not, strictly speaking, lie within the sphere of Mr. Morrison's book, though sometimes he drops a hint as to its nature and chance of success. Thus, in dealing with the economic position of young offenders, he remarks:—

At present the community confines its operations to bestowing industrial training on children who have actually fallen; it is probable that it would be a wiser, and in the end, a more economic policy, to bestow a similar training on those who are likely to fall.

This pregnant observation is susceptible of a still wider application, which I shall now endeavor to indicate. It is the object of this paper to try and suggest a simple and practical way of reaching and saving the very class of boys from whom the ranks of juvenile crime are so largely recruited.

L.

First of all, however, for a reason that will soon appear, let us consider for a moment the current methods of reformatory work. In our English prisons the reformatory element is conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Horsely has pointed out, that, in what may almost be called an official work, by Sir E. Du Cane, on the prevention and punishment of crime, the subject of reformation is dismissed in two lines of platitude. Even our reformatories leave much to be desired in the very element on which their name seems to give us assurance. The mental and manual training in many of the reformatories and industrial schools are both painfully inadequate.¹ And, perhaps, the worst blot of all upon our system is the utter absence of corrective institutions for young and first offenders over the age of sixteen.

In the United States matters are quite curiously reversed. The ordinary or state prisons and penitentiaries are probably considerably below the English type in construction and sanitation, but, with regard to reformatory work, America is far ahead of us. How far, only those can fully appreciate who have studied the reports of those great industries, of which the Elmira (New York State) Reformatory is the oldest and best known.

It is not the object of the present article to explain the system adopted in such institutions, but I may state that, in the case of Elmira, the cost of the building was, in round numbers, £400,000, the net annual cost of maintenance is about £35,000, while the number of inmates in September,

¹ In one school, where there are seventy-five boys, it appeared from the Report that about nine were learning a trade which would eventually be productive of a livelihood.—Tuckwell, "The State and its Children," p. 21.

1895, was 1,257. What is still more germane to my present purpose is to note the ingenuity with which almost every conceivable resource is utilized to improve and reform the inmates. Education, thorough, careful, systematic; free access to all the best books, including fiction; industrial training in what is one of the largest and finest technological schools in the world; physical training in military drill, and all kinds of gymnastics; constant association (the exact reverse of our prison system) and the endeavor to cultivate corporate life and develop the social instincts; these are only some of the ways in which the task of rehabilitation and reformation is seriously and successfully attempted.

Of course, there have been the usual outcries about pampering criminals, bringing them into competition with the honest workman, and the like, but in face of the almost phenomenal results obtained, and of the fact that the judges now send every case they possibly can to Elmira, or similar institutions, these outcries are not likely to have any practical effect.

II.

Now I certainly have not the least sympathy with that virtuous thrift which grudges the price of reformation, and cloaks its parsimony with an ostentatious but inexpensive solicitude for the interests of the poor and honest. As a matter of fact, Elmira is cheaper than English prisons, but were it twice as costly, I, for one, should think the money well spent.

And yet the outlay of so much, not money only, but thought, ingenuity and devotion to the service of those who have crossed the Rubicon that separates vice from crime does give food for reflection. And the more we reflect, the more certainly shall we be driven to the conclusion that the true

explanation and solution of the difficult problems of criminology lie, not in the taking less thought for the reformation of the criminal, but in taking more for the preservation of the innocent.

For, besides the audacious or unlucky youngsters who cross the stream, there are a vast number who, as the old hymn has it, "linger, shivering on the brink." A very slight impetus will push them from the bank, and then from the further side we bring into operation our cumbrous and costly rescue apparatus. But what precautions do we take in the way of wall or fence?

For some years I have spent a considerable part of my life in close association with working-class boys. Not of the poorest, indeed, have been my boy-friends, but even so I have seen and observed enough to understand how fatally easy the conditions of their life make the road to the police court for the errand-boys of the great city.

Of course there are many lads with strong wills and high moral instincts who are able to meet and resist the temptations that assail them, but the average boy, like the average man, has need to walk warily, and to remember the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." And the average boy of the working-classes has special need to take heed to his steps.

It sounds a bold demand if I ask the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* to try and realize the position of a small board-school boy who has just passed the sixth standard, and has started at his first place. Let us assume that he is an average city-bred lad of fourteen, not a hero, or a genius, or a "degenerate," but just an ordinary, dirty, jolly little rascal. Let us make his circumstances match thousands of boys earning their eight or nine shillings a week in this London of ours

to-day. His father is a "fitter," and makes—when he is in regular work—about thirty shillings a week. But as he occasionally lapses into "indulgin'," and works for small men, he every now and again has long spells of idleness. On these occasions the mother has to go out charring, and the eldest girl at home—a "half-timer"—looks after the four little ones when they come in from school. They live in two rooms and a cupboard—a third room, they call it—for which they pay six shillings a week. For months, perhaps for years, our lad has been looking forward to the time when he will be free to give up the routine of school, and will cease to be a mere "nipper." Not that he hates lessons *qua* lessons, though there are sure to be some that he dislikes, but independence and pocket-money, these are the dangling baits that make the daily attendance at school almost intolerable. At last the hour arrives and the place. Probably it will be as junior errand-boy with some grocer, or stationer, or the like, and he will begin at seven shillings a week and his tea, with perhaps his supper on Saturdays. At first, at any rate, almost all he earns will go to his mother, nominally for clothes, really, when work is slack, to keep things going. Perhaps sixpence or ninepence will be his share for pocket-money, and think what that means to a lad who has hitherto been tantalized by occasional half-pence! He soon begins to see the other side of the shield. His hours may be from seven or half-past in the morning to eight in the evening on the first four nights of the week, nine on Fridays and eleven on Saturdays, with an hour for dinner. He has heavy baskets to carry or a heavy truck to push. He is exposed to all weathers with no better protection against the wet than a piece of sacking. It is no extraordinary expe-

rience for him to be wet to the skin two or three times in the week. As for chaps and broken chilblains, he learns in time to accept them, like the temper of the "boss," as one of the necessary ills of life. Then, unless he is exceptionally fortunate, he finds himself thrown into the company of older boys, some of whom are not very desirable models. They smoke, as a matter of course, they very likely think it manly to drain the pewter, and probably one at least will be the proud possessor of a greasy pack of cards.

But he has his evenings—five out of seven, at any rate—free, and what will he do with them? There are three alternatives. He may go home and stay there. He may go to a continuation school, or he may spend them on the streets, with an occasional visit to a cheap music-hall. The first of these alternatives may be summarily dismissed. In such a home as we are thinking of there is not likely to be much to attract a lad of fourteen. And even if there were, with a number of children about, his presence would certainly not be desired. Moreover, the relations between a boy of that age and his father are, unfortunately, as a rule, not very cordial, while the mother has no time, even if she had the inclination, to lay herself out to make the home attractive. Then there is the night school. But the average boy will just be rejoicing in his emancipation from the necessity of self-improvement. Moreover, the desire to be a man and leave behind him childish things is strong in him, and lessons are not only a badge of discipline, but of "kiddishness" as well. Still further, he cannot see "what good" lessons will do him now. Before, they were a disagreeable necessity, but now what difference will it make to him though he know all about foreign countries or can read a

French book? England and English are enough for him. Finally, he is tired, and craves more than ever for a little amusement, and the continuation schools are not very strong on the recreative side.

So it comes to pass that the third alternative is generally embraced by the average boy, and his evenings are spent with such companions as he may chance to meet in such pleasures as the streets and public-house corners afford. How many and how great are the temptations of such a life it is surely unnecessary to point out. At the best it trains the boy to be a loafer, at the worst it heads him straight for the dock.

Besides, think of the terrible waste of money and energy involved in this sudden and total abandonment of mental culture. With an admirable and highly effective system that sends a boy out of the sixth or seventh standard with a really good primary education, three or four years on the streets leave him the intellectual equipment of a child of eight or nine. Over and over again have I heard big lads of sixteen and seventeen excuse, without a blush, their inferiority to some little chap years their junior, by saying, "Oh, of course he's better than me, he's only just left school." So that even if a boy gets a chance of learning some trade, and at seventeen or eighteen enters a Polytechnic, he finds himself in an utterly different position from that which he would have occupied had he continued or even preserved his school education.

Of course the errand boy is not on the lowest rung of the social ladder. But the strange thing is this—that while the young criminal is cared for—after a fashion—in the Reformatory, while the little homeless vagabonds of the streets are trained in the Industrial Schools and in half a dozen philanthropic institutions, of which

Dr. Barnardo's Homes may be taken as the type—the tens of thousands of boys who are poor without being absolutely destitute, and tempted without having actually fallen, are left unnoticed and uncared for. By the time they are seventeen or eighteen they find themselves without a trade or the opportunity of learning one, three-fourths of what they learned forgotten, and scores of younger boys anxious to do their work at a lower wage. Under such circumstances many and many a young fellow has felt himself shut up to a choice between dishonesty and enlisting. The army then is the last honest resort of tradeless boys who have been left to learn their manners and their morals in the streets of our great cities during their most impressionable years.

We have quite recently been horrified by statistics, apparently authentic, which show that our army is simply honeycombed with degrading immorality. This is not the place to discuss the merits of the remedy which experts recommend, but from which not merely the Nonconformist, but even the Parliamentary conscience, has revolted. Whatever opinion we may hold as to this, it must surely be admitted that the remedy proposed does not go to the root of the matter. The corruption of the army means the corruption of its individual members, and the seeds of that corruption were sown, in many, if not in most cases, long before the first uniform was donned. The folly (it is worse than folly) that takes no thought for the boy, finds its Nemesis in the barracks as well as in the prison.

If, with facts like these in our minds, we turn our eyes upon the various philanthropic and religious efforts which have as their objective "the lapsed masses," is not the first and most obvious reflection this—that they

are twenty or thirty years too late? They struggle and agonize to save the men, and who are these men? Are they not the very boys whom just so many years ago it would have been a comparatively easy task to reach and help? The churches—in spite of annual Sunday-school sermons and Education Act controversies—still regard work among boys and girls more or less in the nature of a nice little appendix to real work—they so regard it, and they pay the appropriate penalty, and that which touches them most keenly, in an army of hostile critics and in long rows of empty pews.

Perhaps this may sound an ungenerous criticism, though I believe it to be absolutely just. At the same time it would be very unfair to ignore the fact that practically every church and chapel does make some attempt, by means of the Sunday school, to discharge its duty to the young.

I will not attempt to criticize in detail our Sunday-school system. It is enough here just to note that in Non-conformist circles, at any rate, there has been, within the last year or two, an emphatic protest against the deplorable inefficiency of Sunday-school teaching, an inefficiency which has become more glaring by comparison with the excellence of the teaching in our great primary schools.

But whatever improvement may be made in Sunday schools, they of themselves will never meet the necessities of the case. To teach a boy religion on one day out of the seven, and to leave him to the streets and the public houses and the music-halls on the other six, this is surely not the plan of campaign that commends itself to reasonable men. Religious teaching by a sympathetic teacher may be a very potent factor in the building up of a boy's character, but it is terribly easy to make it too prominent, and the re-

sult, the natural and inevitable result, is failure.

Here, then, is our problem. We have a splendid system of elementary education that takes and trains the roughest, crudest material, and sends it out at thirteen or fourteen fairly educated and trained to something like habits of discipline and order. We have also a rapidly developing system of great Polytechnics and Institutes for young men. But for the great mass of average boys who have left school and gone to work there is no provision made worth thinking or speaking of. Is it any wonder if in a year or two the well-trained schoolboy degenerates into the larrikin of the streets—ignorant, foul-mouthed, predatory? What would be said of an engineer who undertook to supply a great city with water from a distance, and left, halfway, a gap of a mile in his aqueduct? But not a whit less absurd than that is our present condition—magnificent Board Schools, splendid Polytechnics, and between them—nothing.

III.

But it is easy to criticize. Is there a remedy, and if so, is it among the things that are possible?

To the first question my answer is an unhesitating "Yes." I believe—I am certain—it is quite possible to get hold of the class of boys I have been trying to describe, as soon as they leave school, and to induce them to continue their education and forego the hazardous delights of the streets. I am certain, because I have tried the experiment and succeeded. I do not, of course, say that every boy would be amenable to such inducement. In every hundred boys there may perhaps be six or seven who need no persuasion to carry on the work of self-improvement, and who are so situated at

home as to be safe-guarded from the ordinary temptations of the ordinary working-class lad. And there may be another six or seven who are so incorrigible that nothing but a course of sharp and long-continued discipline will restrain and reform them. The percentages might vary with the locality from which the boys were taken, but, roughly speaking, I believe 80 per cent. of the elementary school output could be secured.

Of my own attempts I will say nothing but this—that our success has been substantial and I think startling, considering the utter inadequacy of the premises and means at our disposal. Nor can it be considered a mere ephemeral success, for our work has been in progress more than ten years. But if the success had been far less, I should still have reckoned those ten years abundantly well spent, for they have made me realize—with the clearness and certainty that only actual experience can give—how great is the need, how obvious and simple the remedy.

Put in plain words, that remedy is the Boys' Club. But since the word covers all kinds and degrees of ineptitude and inefficiency, it is necessary to define and explain. The Boys' Club of which I am thinking, and for which I claim such sovereign efficacy, must be no haphazard concern, open once or twice in a week, and furnished with the worn out litter from middle-class nurseries, the happy hunting-ground of dilettanti philanthropists, willing to play at doing good when not better occupied. It must be a serious undertaking, seriously entered upon, reasonably endowed and fitted, and staffed with workers who mean business and have counted the cost.

The model for such an enterprise—to put my point in another way—must be, not a Band of Hope meeting, but an institution such as Elmira.

It may sound almost an insult to honest and decent boys to suggest that a club for them and their fellows should be modelled on the lines of a Reformatory, but the suggestion can be easily explained and defended. In the reformatories of the Elmira type the idea of punishment is dropped. Everything there is subordinated to the purpose of physical, mental and moral progress. Every device that scientific ingenuity and enthusiastic zeal can suggest is employed to strengthen weak wills, to develop latent faculties, and to eradicate or counteract vicious tendencies. The merely recreative and the merely punitive are alike kept severely in the background. This system would, of course, need modification where the subjects are free agents and compulsion is out of the question. In this case, unless the Club is made attractive, it can never succeed. Personal influence, that strongest of all agencies for good or for evil, must have time to operate, and unless the delights of the Club are many and obvious, the boys will drift away before it begins to tell. Besides, a club after the Elmira model will make large demands on the loyalty and patience of its members. Order must be maintained, lessons must be learned, progress must be tested by examinations, good manners must be insisted on, *esprit de corps* must be cultivated, and all this means a constant crossing of the individual will. It means also on the part of the members a surrender—partial, at any rate—of his newly won and cherished independence, and a resumption of the burden of lessons. Bearing all this in mind, it is not difficult to see that one of the first conditions of success must be that the Club should be overwhelmingly attractive.

It would be easy but tedious to enter into the details of an institution that has, as yet, no existence, but I may

just briefly mention what seem to me the requisites of a really efficient Club.

In the first place, it is absolutely needful that it should be open every night in the week. Of course, few of the boys will be able to come every night, but it is essential that a boy who is able and willing to come should always find a welcome awaiting him.

In the next place, however well equipped and however large the building, the numbers should at first be restricted to comparatively few. The start is half the race, and the greater the undertaking, the more care should be taken to make a good beginning.

A Club, like its individual members, should be, not merely an aggregation of separate parts, but a living organism with a life of its own and the power of growth and development. And in such an enterprise personal influence and sympathy is the breath of life that makes healthy growth possible. So to begin with numbers which make that personal relation between managers and boys impossible, is simply to court disappointment. Begin with, say twenty, and add ten or fifteen year by year, till the limits of the Club's capacity is reached.

With regard to equipment, I have already spoken of the paramount necessity of making the club attractive. And—especially in dealing with juniors—to do this involves constant variety. A good gymnasium with first-class apparatus is the alpha but not the omega of the recreative department. Football and cricket can easily be practised in the gymnasium, and will be prodigiously popular. Then roller-skates, racquets and fives, air-gun shooting, boxing, fencing and single-stick, billiards, draughts, chess, dominoes and round games; for luxuries, a home trainer, two or three bicycles, and if possible, as a crowning glory, a small

tilled plunge-bath. With such an outfit, there is not a quarter in London in which you could not fill your club within a week—if you were foolish enough to desire it.

Side by side with the recreative, and of at least equal importance, must come the educational department. And here there must be some kind of system. It is not enough to have three or four classes and insist on every boy attending at least one. In that case boys who know their arithmetic well will go into that class because it will involve no work, and, if allowed to do so, will sometimes go on year after year wasting their time and satisfying the rule. A regular course should be mapped out, with annual examinations, by which the boys' standing in the club may be regulated, a course which might take at least three years to complete, by which time the lads would be able to profit by the opportunities for higher education in technical schools or university extension classes.

The teaching in these club classes must be good. Boys trained in Board Schools are accustomed, for the most part, to good teaching, and will be quick to detect ignorance and incompetence. And if it is found impossible to get good voluntary teachers, there is nothing for it but to have paid ones.¹

Another point of the first importance is that such a club is not the field of experiments in self-government. There must be no playing at management by committees of the boys themselves. It is of the very essence of a really good club that it should be something more and higher than the boys would plan for themselves. And since ultimately

¹ In many localities it would be possible to utilize the existing evening classes. In fact, the club and the continuation school might supplement each other's deficiencies and work together to their mutual advantage.

the decision on matters of importance must rest with the manager or managers, it is far better to recognize the fact in the constitution of the club.

Perhaps it may sharpen the outlines of this sketch if I erect here an ideal club-house to accommodate some hundred and fifty active members, and perhaps another fifty seniors—more or less occasional visitors.

On the ground floor would be the porter's room, where the light refreshments are prepared, the gymnasium 80 feet by 40 feet, the junior common room 30 feet by 20 feet, with a couple of half-sized billiard tables, and a small managers' room, where new boys could be interviewed, and unruly ones persuaded or coerced into virtue. On the first floor would be the senior common room (40 feet by 40 feet) with a full-sized billiard table, the library and reading-room 30 feet by 20 feet, three or four small class-rooms, and a music-room 20 feet by 20 feet, with a piano. On the second floor, the caretaker's rooms and perhaps three or four dormitories for occasional use. Then in the basement would be the lavatories, a bath-room (30 feet by 20 feet) fitted with a couple of cabinet Turkish baths and a small plunge, and a dressing-room (20 feet by 20 feet, lined with lockers. Such a building, it must be remembered, could be put to many uses during the day and early evening. For its specific work it would open its doors about eight o'clock.

IV.

And this brings us to the second question. Are such clubs among the things that are possible? And this involves a further enquiry—Who is to found and maintain them.

Probably the first idea in most minds would be to look to the Churches, and the fact is in itself a splendid

compliment to them. Yet, even if they were willing to undertake the work, they would, I am convinced, only conduct the experiment to a disastrous issue. Ecclesiastical charity is philanthropy in snippets. We all know the various organizations that loom so large on notice boards and in Church year-books. The Sunday school two hours a week; the Boys' Brigade two hours a week, the Christian Endeavor Society one hour a week, the Junior and Senior Bands of Hope one hour a week each, the Girls' Sewing Meeting one hour a week, the Young People's Guild one hour a week; and so on and so on. Now, doubtless each of these efforts has and does something to justify its existence. If nothing more, at any rate it benefits those who work it. But it differs from serious, sustained scientific work in the same way as a course of ambulance lessons differs from the regular training of a medical student. And the Church that has grown accustomed to diffusing its energies in a dozen beneficent little shallows is not the source one would look to for filling the channel of a great river-bed.

Besides—and this is a still more serious objection—the tendency in all ecclesiastical work of this nature, is to measure progress by one test, and that the feeblest and most fallacious—attendance at church or chapel. The feeblest and most fallacious, because it draws a line of demarcation between sheep and goats with this startling result, that while among the sheep will be found the well-mannered, easy-tempered, acquiescent boys, the goats will include the boys of strong character, blunt, masterful, independent, suspicious of patronage, resentful of coercion, the very boys who, wisely treated, will be the salt of the Club, as they would grow up to be the salt of the Church. The

truth is, that the closer the connection between Club and Church or Chapel, the harder is it for religion—pure and undefiled—to hold its rightful place. The unwisdom, the impatience, not seldom the intolerance of its official representatives too often makes it appear an ulterior object for which all that is attractive in the Club is merely a bait. And the interpretation which the shrewd but irreverent street-boy puts upon the parson's policy is just this: "E wants to fill 'is show."

But an independent club, standing apart from any particular religious organization, though in friendly relations with all, and managed by a layman, occupies a very different position. Such a manager can, so to speak, spiritualize the Club without awakening hostility or suspicion. A boy may think religion "rot," but even so, he can hardly attribute the manager's solicitude to anything but an unselfish care for the interests of the lads.

And if here and there an exceptional parson—I use the word because it includes Church and dissent—has shaken himself free from the shackles of convention, and recognizes that what is milk and meat to some, may be, if not poison, at least *caviare* to others, that what may be a means of grace to the venerable deacon may be a weariness of the flesh and an occasion of stumbling to a restless errand boy, still he does not stand alone. There is his congregation to be considered, And just as every body of Christian people is sure to include some large-hearted, liberal-minded folk, so also is it sure to be hampered by others of a very different temper and spirit. And a really successful Club, such as we are desiderating, could never be the outcome of an even compromise between a wholesome breadth and the narrowness of the knife-edge.

But if not the churches, who then? In the present state of public opinion

it is idle to expect anything in this direction from the state. Yet it would almost certainly, even from the standpoint of the pocket, be a wise and prudent investment, for nothing would be so likely to cut off the supply of criminals, and relieve us from a considerable portion of that enormous burden which crime lays on the community. Great Britain's crime bill is not less than ten millions a year. One tenth of that annual expenditure would build and equip at least two hundred such clubs as I have attempted to describe, and would provide a harbor of refuge for 30,000 boys, many of them in imminent peril of making shipwreck.

If for this the time is not yet, there only remains one other hope. What the churches cannot, and the state will not, do, the munificence of private benefactors might easily accomplish. "The millionaires," said the Spectator the other day, "found nothing and build nothing except palaces for themselves." It is a hard saying, all the more striking because of the eminently respectable quarter from which it comes. It is a hard saying, and the Jubilee year has happily proved it a little too smart to be quite just. But it must be admitted that the American millionaire has shown an example which his brethren in England have not been very quick to follow. At least a dozen great colleges and universities on the "other side" have been lavishly endowed by wealthy citizens. Centuries ago, when fortunes were less colossal, and the need was less urgent, the education of poor boys was a favorite object of beneficence. Many of our great public schools, now diverted from their primary intention, still bear witness to the zeal and generosity of *fundator noster*. Will no pious founder come forward now to link his name with the noblest and most hopeful of all enterprises—the safeguarding and training and re-

forming the youth of the nation! One such club as I have tried to sketch in outline, successfully worked, would raise the standard of work among working boys, just as Elmira has shifted the low-water mark of reformatory work. And good work is fruitful and multiplies. Elmira in 1876, was followed by Concord in 1884, by Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Colorado in 1889, and by Ohio, Illinois and Ontario later still. And so one really adequate Boys' Club would not remain solitary for long.

In such work as this, even party shibboleths lose their power to divide. It is at once progressive and conservative; progressive because it tends most

powerfully to raise the moral and intellectual tone of the democracy; conservative because, more perhaps than any other kind of work, it brings into friendlier relations the sundered classes, and helps to raise the people above the influence of mere ignorant demagoguery.

And finally, in the great warfare against crime, that great struggle to the necessity and seriousness of which society is only just awakening, such work as this is one of the keenest and most effective weapons. Take care of the boys and the men will take care of themselves. The best way of fighting crime is not to cage it in the man, but to slay it in the boy.

B. Paul Neuman.

Fortnightly Review.

MASTER.

Master went a-hunting
 When the leaves were falling.
 We saw him on the bridle path,
 We heard him gayly calling:
 "Oh master, master, come you back,
 For I have dreamed a dream so black!"
 A glint of steel from bit and heel,
 The chestnut cantered faster;
 A red flash seen amid the green,
 And so good-by to master.

Master came from hunting,
 Two silent comrades bore him;
 His eyes were dim, his face was white,
 The mare was led before him;
 "Oh master, master, is it thus
 That you have come again to us?"
 I held my lady's ice-cold hand,
 They bore the bundle past her.
 Why should they go so soft and slow?
 It matters not to master.

A. Conan Doyle.

AMERICA AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A misleading metaphor may do a great deal to beget and perpetuate confusion of thought; and such a metaphor, I suggest, is that which describes England as "the mother-country" of America. Tennyson has given it literary sanction in the line "Gigantic Daughter of the West," and Mr. William Watson, in his sonnet beginning "O towering daughter, Titan of the West," repeats the phrase without misgiving. Both poets ignore the flight of time, and mistake an historical for an actual relation. The America of to-day is not the daughter of the England of to-day. They are both daughters and co-heiresses of the England of the past, and especially, we may say, of seventeenth-century England. The same spirit which refused ship-money to Charles I. refused tea-money to George III.; the same spirit which drew up the Petition of Right dictated the Declaration of Independence. It was England's misconception of her true relation to her American colonies that finally alienated them. She tried to be not only a mother-land, but a step-mother land, and the United States nobly and inevitably broke her leading-strings. And now, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, we have no shadow of an excuse for putting on maternal airs towards the transatlantic Republic. We, no less than the Americans, are revolted children of the England of North and Grenville, though our revolt has been a bloodless one. Surely, then, our relation is fraternal, not parental and filial. Or, since a significant personification—a remnant of either mythology or of chivalry—makes nations feminine of gender, let us say that we are sister commonwealths.

This is not the mere question of

terms it may at first sight appear. The false metaphor begets false feelings on both sides. England, as "the mother-country," falls into all the besetting sins of parenthood—a pedagogic habit, and assumption of superior wisdom, experience, even virtue, and a resentful amazement at every manifestation of individuality on the part of her "offspring" that does not happen to be quite convenient. America, on the other hand, accepts the relationship in words, only to realize the more keenly the absence of any valid and essential fact behind it. "If 'mother' at all," she instinctively feels, "then 'stepmother'?" and the result is apt to be an embittered sense of friction, as between two people who stand just near enough each other to be forever treading on each other's toes. "Dear old long-estranged mother-in-law," said Lowell, thirty years ago, "since 1660, when you married again, you have been a stepmother to us." The modification of the false metaphor was very natural; but how much better to get rid of it altogether! Lowell's image is itself a little confused. A mother does not become a stepmother to her own children by marrying again; and England did not marry again in 1660, but returned to the spouse—Monarchy—whom she had rather summarily divorced ten years before. That, however, is not the point. Lowell intended his remark for a significant jest, not for a sober historical argument. I quote it to show how the "mother" metaphor, in its essential falsity, obscures, even in a mind like Lowell's, a sense of the true relationship between the two countries. Lowell evidently conceived that England, wedded to Monarchy, could not possibly be other than a stepmother to her republican daugh-

ter. On the very same page he says, "I never blamed her for not wishing well to democracy,—how should she?" Now, with all respect—nay, with the warmest admiration—for Lowell, I cannot but say that he here buttressed up an imaginary, or at any rate a rapidly decaying, barrier between the two peoples. Whatever may divide us, it is not monarchy; nor can England be reasonably suspected of wishing otherwise than well to democracy as such. Lowell, I think, erred in attaching too much importance to the name and trappings of kingship. He accepted without due examination a current fallacy; and he was tempted to do so because it helped him to retort upon us, with an ingenious twist, our unfortunate "motherland" metaphor. How much better, I say again, to have disowned it entirely!

Great Britain and the United States, then, are sister commonwealths, enjoying the advantages and exposed to the dangers of sisterhood. The dangers are as real, though we trust not as great, as the advantages. Family quarrels are apt to be the bitterest; a chance word will seem unkind and unbearable from a near kinsman which, coming from a stranger, would carry no sting at all. As Lowell very truly said, "The common blood, and still more, the common language, are fatal instruments of misapprehension." To take a cue from Lowell's development of the "motherhood" metaphor, one is tempted to call England the maiden sister, while America has married, taking to herself a mate who is in the main (and not without good reason) inimical to England. Such a connection necessarily puts a severe strain on sisterly love, and will continue to do so until that enmity is pacified. The fact remains, however, that both sisters have now come to years of discretion, and are awakening not only to the advantages, but to the obliga-

tions of kinship. It seems as though outward events were likely to bring them together in a closer community of interests than they have hitherto recognized. But even if this be a fallacious forecast—even if world-history should be switched on to a different line of rails from that on which it seems at present to be running—there would still remain all-powerful motives for the recognition of kinship and the cultivation of sisterly amity. In essence we are not two "commonwealths," but one. The greatest wealth we possess is the wealth we hold in common—our common past, and its symbol and monument, our common language. It is true, as Lowell said, and as people are too apt to forget, that the common language, indiscreetly used, is a fruitful source of misunderstanding; but there is a far deeper, though obvious, truth behind that statement. We misunderstand because we understand; and it would be an extravagance of pessimism to doubt that, in the long run, understanding will carry the day. Light may dazzle here and bewilder there; but, after all, it is light and not darkness. We English and Americans hold a talisman that makes us at home over half, and more than half, the world; and we are not going to rob it of its virtue by renouncing our ties and wantonly declaring ourselves aliens to each other.

Our unity of speech is such a commonplace that we scarcely notice it. But, rightly regarded, it is a thing to be rejoiced in with a great joy, and not without a certain sense of danger happily escaped. He would have been a bold man who should confidently have prophesied at the Revolution that American and English would remain the same tongue, and that at the end of the nineteenth century there would not be the slightest perceptible fissure, or threat of ultimate divergence. No doubt there were forces ob-

vously tending to preserve the linguistic unity of the two nations. There was the English Bible for one thing, and there was the whole body of English literature. The Americans, it might have been said, could scarcely be so foolish as deliberately to renounce their spiritual birthright, or let it little by little drift away from them. But, on the other hand, virulent and inveterate political enmity, had it arisen, might quite conceivably have led the Americans to make it a point of honor to differentiate their speech from ours, as many Norwegians are at this moment making it a point of honor to differentiate their language from the Danish, which was, until of late years, the generally accepted medium of literary expression. In the evolution of their literature, they might purposely have rejected our classical tradition, making their effort rather to depart from than to adhere to it. Again, an observer in 1776 could not have foreseen the practical annihilation, by steam and electricity, of that barrier which then appeared so formidable—the Atlantic Ocean. He might have foreseen the immense influx of men of every race and tongue into the unpeopled West; but he could scarcely have anticipated with confidence the ready absorption of all these alien elements (save one) into the dominant Anglo-Saxon polity. It was quite on the cards that a new American language might have developed from a fusion of all the diverse tongues of all the scattered races of the earth.

Nothing of the sort, as we know, has happened. The instinct of kinship from the first kept political enmity in check; the Atlantic has been practically wiped out; and English has easily absorbed, in America, all the other idioms which have been brought into contact, rather than competition, with it. The result is that the English language occupies a unique position among

the tongues of the earth. It is unique in two dimensions—in altitude and in expanse. It soars to the highest heights of human utterance, and it covers an unequalled area of the earth's surface. Undoubtedly it is the most precious heirloom of our race, and as such we must reverence and guard it. Nor must we Islanders talk as though we held it in fee-simple, and allowed our transatlantic kinsfolk merely a conditional usufruct of it. Their property in it is as complete and indefeasible as our own; and we should rejoice to accept their aid in the conservation and renovation (equally indispensable processes) of this superb and priceless heritage.

English critics of the beginning of the century so convincingly set forth the reasons why America, absorbed in the conquest of nature and in material progress, could not produce anything great in the way of literature, that their arguments remain embedded in many minds even to this day, when events have conclusively falsified them. It is quite a commonplace with some people that America has not developed a great *American* literature. If this merely mean that, in casting off her allegiance to George III., America did not cast off her allegiance to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, the reproach, if it be one, must be accepted. If it be a humiliation to American authors to own the traditions and standards established by these men, and thereby to enroll themselves in their immortal fellowship, why, then it must be owned that they have deliberately incurred that humiliation. One American of vivid originality tried to escape it, and with what result? Simply that Whitman holds a place of his own, somewhat like that of Blake. one might say, in the literature of the English language, and has produced at least as much effect in England as in America.

If, on the other hand, it be implied that American literature feebly imitates English literature, and fails to present an original and adequate interpretation of American life, no reproach could well be more flagrantly unjust. It is not only the abstract merit of American literature, though that is very high, but precisely the Americanism of it, that gives it its value in the eyes of all thinking Englishmen. Only one American author of the first rank could possibly, at a superficial glance, appear—not so much English as—European, cosmopolitan. I mean, of course, Edgar Allan Poe, who has left perhaps a deeper impress upon literature outside the English-speaking countries than any other imaginative writer of the century, with the exception of Byron. Poe was a born idealist, a creature of pure intelligence. Whether in poetry or fiction, he was always solving problems; and it is hard to be distinctively national in an exercise of pure intelligence. We do not look for local color in, for example, the agreeable essays of Euclid. But Poe's intelligence was, at bottom, of a characteristically American type. He was the Edison of romance. As for the other great writers of America, what can be more patent than their Americanism? Speaking only, for the present, of those who have joined the majority, I would name two who seem to me to stand with Poe in the very front rank of original genius. They are Emerson, that starlike spirit, dwelling in a serener ether than ours, which, though we may never attain, it is yet a refreshment to look up to; and Hawthorne, not perhaps the greatest romancer in the English tongue, but certainly the purest artist in that sphere of fiction. Now, it is a mere truism to say that each of these men was, in his way, a typical product of New England, inconceivable as the offspring of any other soil in the world. Emer-

son, it has been said, not without truth, was the first of the American humorists, carrying into metaphysics that gift of realistic vision and inspired hyperbole which has somehow been grafted upon the Anglo-Saxon character by the conditions of American life. As for Hawthorne, though he has felt and reproduced the physical charm of Rome more subtly than any other artist, his genius drew at once its strength and its delicacy from his Puritan ancestry and environment. To realize how intimately he smacks of the soil, we have but to think of that marvellous scene in "*The Blithedale Romance*," the search for Zenobia's body. From what does it derive its peculiar quality, its haunting savor? Simply from the presence of Silas Foster, that delightful incarnation of the New England yeoman. "If I thought anything had happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful," said the grim Silas; and there never was a speech more dramatically true, or, in its context, more bitterly pathetic.

Even while English critics were proving that there could be no such thing as an American literature, Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were laying its foundations on a thoroughly American basis. Irving was none the less American for loving the picturesque traditions of his English ancestry; Cooper, a gallant and fertile genius, did his country and our language an inestimable service by adding a whole group of specifically American figures to the deathless aristocracy of the realms of romance. Then, in the generation which has just passed away, we have such men as Thoreau, racy of his native soil; Longfellow, in his day and way the chief interpreter of America to England; Whittier, the poet of Quaker Pennsylvania, as Longfellow was the poet of Puritan Massachusetts; Lowell, courtly, cultured, cosmopolitan,

and yet the creator of Hosea Biglow; Holmes, as American in his humor as Lamb was English, who justly ranks with Lamb and Goldsmith among the personally best-beloved writers of the English tongue. Prescott in the sphere of history paralleled the achievement of Cooper in fiction by giving literary form to the romance of the New World; while Motley was inspired (too ardently, perhaps) by the spirit of free America in writing the great epic of religious and political freedom in Europe. Finally, it must not be forgotten that in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a tragically American production, Mrs. Beecher Stowe added to the literature of the English language the most potent, the most dynamic pamphlet ever hurled into the arena of national life.

Of all that a host of living Americans are doing for the literature of our common tongue, it is impossible to speak adequately, and it would be impertinent to speak perfunctorily. Not the Americanism merely, but the localism of the dominant school of fiction is its chief, and to my thinking its most valuable characteristic. Every region of the Republic, one might almost say every State, has its interpreter, and generally a very able one: for example, Miss Wilkins in the North, Miss Murfree in the Middle states, and Mr. Cable in the South. And I cannot deny myself the pleasure of expressing my conviction that if a work of incontestable genius has been issued in the English language during the past quarter of a century, it is that brilliant romance of the great rivers, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

We are apt in England to class as an "Americanism" every unfamiliar or too familiar locution which we do not happen to like. As a matter of fact there is a pretty lively interchange between the two countries of slipshod and vulgar "journalese"; and as the

picturesque reporter is a greater power in America than he is with us, we perhaps import more than we export of this particular commodity. But there can be no rational doubt, I think, that the English language has gained, and is gaining, enormously by its expansion over the American continent. The prime function of a language, after all, is to interpret the "form and pressure" of life—the experience, knowledge, thought, emotion and aspiration of the race which employs it. This being so, the more tap-roots a language sends down into the soil of life and the more varied the strata of human experience from which it draws its nourishment, whether of vocabulary or idiom, the more perfect will be its potentialities as a medium of expression. We must be careful, it is true, to keep the organism healthy, to guard against disintegration of tissue; but to that duty American writers are quite as keenly alive as we. It is not a source of weakness but of power and vitality to the English language that it should embrace a greater variety of dialects than any other civilized tongue. A new language, says the proverb, is a new sense; but a multiplicity of dialects means, for the possessors of the main language, an enlargement of the pleasures of the linguistic sense without the fatigue of learning a totally new grammar and vocabulary. So long as there is a potent literary tradition keeping the core of the language one and indivisible, vernacular variations can only tend, in virtue of the survival of the fittest, to promote the abundance, suppleness and nicety of adaptation of the language as a literary instrument. The English language is no mere historic monument, like Westminster Abbey, to be religiously preserved as a relic of the past, and revered as the burial-place of a bygone breed of giants. It is a living organism, cease-

lessly busied, like any other organism, in the processes of assimilation and excretion. It has before it, we may fairly hope, a future still greater than its glorious past. And the greatness of that future will greatly depend on the harmonious interplay of spiritual forces throughout the American Republic and the British Empire.

The Anglo-Saxon race has done, and is doing, more than any other people to undo the mischief wrought at the Tower of Babel, and unless its sister commonwealths act towards each other with inconceivable and unpardonable folly, it will doubtless find in this fact its glory and its strength. What we want, and what I believe we

are gradually attaining, is not political reunion or formal alliance, but simply a realization that each is indispensable, if not to the prosperity, at least to the greatness of the other. We want, not so much a "union of hearts," as a union of imaginations. An idea, an attitude of mind, is stronger than all the treaties ever signed, sealed and delivered. And we may perhaps indicate, however roughly and inadequately, the idea which is growing on both sides of the Atlantic, if we say that America requires England to complete her past, and England requires America to crown her future.

William Archer.

Pall Mall Magazine.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA VERNA.

There had been a panic in Florence. The visitors had fled by hundreds, and all because of a demonstration against the bread-tax in the Piazza Signoria, which half-a-dozen London policemen would have kept under complete control. It was difficult to say who was most to blame for the scare—the Anarchists at Milan or the editors of the Italian papers. Not that the Italian press, that wanted a sale and manufactured news thereto, was much more impolitic and unwise in this matter of scare-mongering than our own English press. The correspondent of the Times at Rome, writing of the demonstration at Pisa, for example, had said that the worst feature of the rioting there was the fact that women had taken part in it, and spoke of frenzied petroleuses as among the mob. I had been present at the Pisan demonstration. It had consisted of a good-natured crowd, who, while a number of noisy lads shouted "*Al dor-*

go," and the elders looked on and smiled, listened to a benevolent old gentleman on the balcony of the town hall, bidding them rest assured that the bread-tax had already been remitted, that he was in charity with all men, and hoped all men were in charity with the powers that be. But as for the petroleuses of the Times' correspondent, they were a few factory girls who, during the dinner-hour, came down to mingle with the crowd upon the bridge over the Arno and to enjoy the fun. The bell rang, and they went back to their work. But the scare, thanks largely to the press, existed; it had emptied Florence of *fores-tieri*, much to the chagrin of the hotel-keepers, and had driven a young queen and her attendants away from the city, to the grief of the shop-keepers.

We were travelling with ladies who wished to visit La Verna and see that famous shrine of St. Francis in the Apennine hills where he fasted and

received the stigmata; and the question arose: Was it safe to travel in a country on the eve of revolution? The head of the prefecture must be consulted, and his answer was reassuring: "You may go with perfect safety anywhere from the source of the Tiber to its mouth. Umbria is absolutely tranquil." So we started for La Verna, as all lovers of St. Francis must do who wish to see a Franciscan monastery that remains to-day in rule and manner exactly what it was when it was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century—in the year when, for the good of his soul, on the 8th of May, 1213, Count Orlando of Chiusi gave to Francis "the wild mountain in the midst of his estate" as a place for solitude and prayer.

At the time when the monasteries were disestablished, the anclentry of La Verna, or Al Vernia as it used to be called,—its unbroken tradition,—stood it in good stead. The sturdy Florentines, rather than allow this link with the past to be broken, bought up the whole monastery lands; and once a year the *podestà* and city magnates go in state to St. Francis's shrine and plant their banner on its terrace wall, and so return, blessing and blest.

La Verna is not much easier of access now than in olden time. Travelers from Florence can, if they will, combine an excursion to Vallombrosa and the Apennine monastery; but the best way is to take train to Arezzo, sleep the night there, and then jog the next day slowly along the single line to Bibbiena. Thence, after an honest fight for reasonable terms with an impassive *vetturino*, who because he is a monopolist commands the situation, one drives, or rather crawls, up an endless hill of eight miles in three hours; and keeping the carriage for the night, one accepts the simple fare of the hospit-

able monks, and comes back on the following day, in time for the only afternoon train from Bibbiena to Arezzo.

Arezzo is itself well worth a visit. As we made our way up the modern street from the station to the town upon the hill-slope, crowned with its great brown *duomo*, it is true there was little to remind us of the time when this Aretium was one of the twelve powerful cities of the Etruscan league that dared to withstand Rome to the face. We had to wait till the morrow to see the work of the Etruscan potter in the town museum in order to realize its ancient origin. But Arezzo was proud of her sons; as we passed on, we noted the white marble statue of the inventor of musical notation, Guido, the Benedictine monk; and we remembered that other inventors of harmony had here been born.

For was not Aretium the birthplace of Mæcenas—Virgil's friend, and patron of Horace? Close to the cathedral still stands the house where Petrarch was born. Makers, too, of color-music as well as the harmony of sound and numbers owned Arezzo as their home. Here the painter of those strange sad Christs upon the cross, Margeritone, lived. Here Spinello Aretino was born; and last, but not least, as far as the world of art goes, here Vasari, the historian of the Italian schools of painting, architect, painter, critic, and writer in one, had his dwelling.

It was Sunday evening when we arrived, and the Via Cavour, in which the two rival hotels frown across the street at one another, was crowded with a multitude too close almost for breathing. They were taking the air in the Sunday-evening, silent, stifling Italian manner. In a moment the word "*Forestieri*" went through the throng, and the Hotel Inghilterra went up a peg or two above the Victoria, as with

much unnecessary cracking of whips. Our arrival was heralded.

The light was fading, but we took a hasty walk up to the higher part of the town, and were a little disappointed to find the towers had for the most part disappeared, and the town walls with them, since the day of the blessed Francis. One had seen pictures of St. Francis exorcising the devils of Arezzo; and in those pictures it was plain that in his time Arezzo was possessed of as many towers as devils. As for ourselves, except for the devil of dirt in the back lanes and a cockroach and cricket or two in our beds at night, we found St. Francis's charm still held good.

Next morning early the battered remains of Piero della Francesca's and Spinello's work, whose frescoes we had seen in San Miniato, were visited in the Church of San Francesco, close to the hotel. We envied the ringers who in old time went to their bell-ropes with visions of this master's work upon the walls, and the clergy who could think of the legends of the finding of the cross in the choir. Thence we passed back and up the sloping street to that most picturesque of Lombard towers of the Church of Santa Maria del Pieve, whose crunched window-shafts took us at once in thought to San Frediano at Lucca. Long did we gaze at the quaint carving of the eleventh and twelfth centuries over the doorway: the Christ in Jordan, as we had seen him on the bronze gates of the baptistery at Florence; the Madonna, between her sad-faced angels; the months of the year, carved as we remembered them carved upon the baptistery at Pisa. The man who carved "December" must surely have studied pig-killing as a fine art,—it is true to the life. Thence, after a good look at the Law Courts in the piazza at the back of the church, whose facade tells of the best fourteenth-cen-

tury Florentine craftsmanship, we returned to the street in front of Santa Maria del Pieve, where the cobblers and tinsmiths, busy upon the vine-sprinklers, were making the air throb with their hammers; and passing upward by the Palazzo Publico, now a prison, but in the fourteenth century the seat of government, we stopped a moment to wonder at the armorial bearings that give such interest to its old front. But we were bent upon seeing Petrarch's house; and asking our way to Via dell' Orte, we found ourselves in three minutes gazing at the old well-head in front of the insignificant house that heard the poet's earliest cry. Another minute, turning round the corner of the canon's house opposite, the duomo stood before us.

We entered the duomo, for we had in mind the fresco of Giotto in Santa Maria del Pieve; and we knew that it was conjectured that the great canopied tomb to the "warrior Bishop Guido Tarlati," wrought in 1330 by Agostino and Agnolo of Siena, had been worked from designs by Giotto. We knew, too, that there was good fourteenth-century glass in some of the windows, and that in the side chapel on the left of the door were admirable examples of Andrea della Robbia's work. We were not disappointed, but all the beauty within the duomo paled before the beauty of that view of the lustrous fertile plain, as revealed to us from the shady piazza by the city wall, at the north-east end of the duomo. We almost forgot the extreme interest of the lancet-windowed Gothic tower that uprose hard-by, as we gazed upon the hills of fruitfulness, the miles of vines and mulberry trees and emerald grain, which once the princely Mæcenæ had gazed upon, who knows, with his friend, the Mantuan, perhaps with Horace, at his side. As one drank in the

loveliness of that paradise of Aretian farm-life, one could not but feel that this scene might have helped to make young Petrarch a poet; and as I heard the organ sound and the chanting of the choir in the near cathedral, I thought how Guido the monk had listened here to the chanting of men and song of birds, and felt the mystery of sound mould him to his lofty purpose, a teacher of music for all the world. Thence did we hurry back to the station, to take the eleven o'clock train to Bibbiena.

There was much that was of interest, much that was picturesque, in the Maytide life of the farm-folk as we panted leisurely along up the valley of the Arno; but the end of the journey came at last, and the battle for the carriage to La Verna began with the stubborn, broad-faced coach-proprietor. He asked 40 francs, we offered 20; slow advance was made to 25, and he accepted it, but not till we had made up our minds for an eight-mile walk and arranged with a rival Bibbienesse to take our baggage on a mule.

Then began one of the most delightful drives that on a fair May afternoon may be taken in Tuscany. We left Bibbiena on the right without entering it—for we had determined to see the Luca della Robbia in the church, and to visit the birthplace of Raphael's friend and patron—Cardinal Bernardo Divizio—whose name the main street still preserves, as we returned. Thence through a straggling suburb and down what seemed an impossible steep hill we passed northward, towards the little stream of Vésa and the quaint monastery and domed church of the Madonna del Sasso. Here, too, we knew was an example of Luca della Robbia's work, but we pushed on. Far away to the north was seen as black as night the great pine-tufted crest of the gray-white gleaming rock which was our goal. It stood up

against the sky like the head of some giant Iguanodon, some monstrous elf that had just risen up from sleep and would take a look out above a new land with which it had nothing in common. Defiant it frowned upon us, but we drove merrily forward. At every turn of the road, as we gazed backwards, Bibbiena seemed more beautiful, the hills and valleys more filled with ultramarine and soft peacock greens and blues; at our side the broom was as golden as it was fragrant, and campanulas and wild roses and honeysuckle gladdened our eyes. We descended after a toilsome climb along a road, now of clay as red as blood, now of sand yellow as gold, towards a river, its dry bed white as snow in the sunlight, its water in scattered pools of gray and ashen green. A bullock-team passed us, a mule-team and charcoal-burner's wagon made way for us; with these exceptions we saw no life stirring save a child at a cottage as we descended to the river, and a solitary woman at the bridge. Thence began the climb in earnest. We walked for the horses' sakes, and now and again they stopped dead of their own accord for rest. The oak-trees became more frequent as we gained the forest-ground beneath La Verna. A single house was passed, and a tiny hamlet was seen below us on the right; up and on we struggled, the stony ground was much boulder-strewn; patches of emerald grain only just above ground told us we were in a higher air; but for this the country we passed through now was cheerless and inhospitable, fit more for the devils who so distressed St. Francis's soul than for the dwelling of men. It was a mere coincidence that here we met a man and solitary ass. St. Francis had met one somewhere hard by, and, sick and weary, had been helped to La Verna by its means.

After two and a half hours of uphill

ground we descried what seemed a great stone house, stuck as martlets build their nests against a wall, upon the face of an impracticable cliff. That was the monastery we were bound for. As evidence that we were near the dwelling-place of Christian men, a gaunt solid cross of wood stood up by the wayside in the waste; still we drove forward, and at the last pulled up at what was called the *bechia*, or the rough shanty that did duty for the house of the farm-man and his wife, who were servants of the *bechia*. The *bechia* itself was a quaint half farm, half cottage, half nunnery, with cheerless passages, and barren rooms whose only furniture was a vast double-bed piled mountains high with straw mattresses and weighty brown blanket-stuffs. Therein dwelt two "Poor Clares," kindly enough of heart, though severe of aspect, the last survivors of the sisterhood of St. Francis. We set down the ladies of the party, and gave the old crones to understand that by leave of the Padre Guardiano we intended to stay at the monastery, and begged them to care for our adventurous sisters.

We had hardly unshipped the ladies' luggage when a couple of the Franciscan brotherhood, who had been watching our slow approach for miles, came to the *bechia* to conduct the whole party through a pleasant meadow to the monastery steps. One of these men was the medico; the other, by his face and manner, the maker of jokes for the monastery. How the fat old fellow did puff and laugh, and laugh and puff, as he led us to the tree where the birds came to hear St. Francis preach, and thence to the tiny chapel at the foot of the rocky staircase, built to commemorate the victory in his fight with the devil that the good Francis had at that spot! It was but slowly that we went up that rocky stair—the view to the south, to the

blue hills beyond Bibbiena, to the gray ashen waste of utter barrenness to our left, to the green emerald patches like jewels in the red-brown fields in middle distance, made us pause again and again; and now for the first time could bird-voices be heard. Chaffinches trilled in the ash-buds beneath, black-birds fluttered in the pine-woods above; and, swinging out into the sunshine and letting the light turn its wings into transparent bronze, a fine buzzard circled overhead—he a descendant, perhaps, of that falcon Brother Francis so loved and was so loved by; that bird of tenderest companionship, whom in his last adieu to Brother Masseo, on the 30th day of September, 1224, he spoke of as his "most dear little brother," and whom he thanked for his kindness towards him.

We passed on and up and under a solid-looking fortress gateway, and found ourselves in front of the little chapel famed far and near for its beautiful altarpiece, a crucifixion by Andrea della Robbia; thence we turned to the left up the pebbly slope to the courtyard, flanked on one side by the church of the monastery, on the other by the terrace wall, and were welcomed to the guest-house beside the monastery wall. A sad-faced man, Frate Cleto by name, at once asked us if we would take coffee. In an evil moment we said "yes," for it was but an apology for the same; bits of dry monastery bread were served with it, and we foresaw the prison fare in store for us. But the grace with which this Franciscan food was set before us made amends for absence of milk and butter, and even of the usual coffee-bean. We took it and were thankful, and were told that dinner would be served to us at seven o'clock, that the ladies must leave the monastery at eight, and that a brother would come to us shortly to guide us round the precincts. The

brother came, voluble and courteous; we visited in turn the deep-hewn caved rocks, mossy and fern-grown and shadowed by sycamore, amongst which St. Francis had passed his first days during the building of the monastery; and all the while my thoughts were back at Dungeon Ghyll or Aira Force; we saw the cliff from which monks had fallen, and been, through the prayers of St. Francis, marvellously preserved from broken bones; we were taken to the cavern where St. Francis passed his forty days of fasting. The monk with us had not read the "*Speculum Vitæ*," nor seen Père Sabatier's "*Speculum Perfectionis*," so he was unable to tell us how Brother Leo, his companion at La Verna, has chronicled ("*Spec. Perf.*," cxvii.) that, during one of St. Francis's fastings at Monte Alvernia, "one day his friend had at the hour of eating prepared a fire in the cell where he was accustomed to eat, and when the fire was lighted went for St. Francis into another cell where he was at prayer"—the very cell in which we were standing—to read the gospel of the day to him, and on his return found the cell on fire. St. Francis refused to put the fire out; he evidently thought the fire had as much right to the cell as he had, and as much right to live its natural life. So while other brothers hurried up to put out the fire, he, quietly catching up the sheepskin he used as coverlet at night, went off to the woods. I could not help recalling this scene to mind as I stood within the subterranean little rock chamber, where still the stone bed of the saint is seen, guarded by iron grill from the hands of votaries; nor could I but in imagination see the mystified look upon the faces of the monks who were still choking from their efforts to overcome Brother Fire, when, after Francis had returned to his meal, he said to Leo, "I will never sleep under that

sheepskin coverlet from this time forward, because I was greedy and would not let Brother Fire make his meal off it."

We were shown afterwards the place where tradition has it that St. Francis received the stigmata. To that little chapel, where the lamp in the iron grill ever burns, twice in the twenty-four hours, at midnight and at three o'clock in the afternoon, do the monks, leaving their dormitories or cells, go with solemn chanting, sometimes with their scourges in their hands, for sacrifice of themselves upon the altar of memory of their great founder: The grim crucifix, the dingy walls, the monks with their pale faces kneeling moveless in the cold musty-smelling chapel, made one's heart ache; but one's mind was filled with visions of the great pictures and sculptures one had seen whose inspiration had been born at this place, and one's eyes were delighted with the glorious example of Andrea della Robbia above the altar. The Saviour hangs upon His cross, between faces of the sun and moon, the latter opening its mouth and making a face of horror and astonishment. On one side are seen St. Francis and the mother of the Lord, on the other St. John and St. Jerome. I had never seen more feeling expressed by the gesture of lifted or folded hands in any of the Della Robbia work. All the figures are filled with deepest devotion; all speak to us of their heart's emotion. The sorrow of the attendant angels is sorrow that can be felt.

The corridor leading from the chapel was filled with coarse frescoes of events in the life of St. Francis, and the monastery was one of the many "*Biblia Pauperum*" we had seen in Italy, and was being read with no small interest and explained with much fervor to groups of peasants at the moment we passed through it.

Then Bonaventura's cell and chapel, used by him when he stayed at La Verna in 1263 for the writing of his life of the blessed Francis, was shown. Next we were pointed out the tiny chapel where St. Francis each day received the sacrament of the Mass during his sojourn here; and at last, glad to have escaped our voluble guide, we came back to the courtyard and, sitting on the low stone wall, we gazed at the marvellous prospect of death and life, barren waste and wondrous fertility, which was laid out like a map beneath. Ragged peasants prowled about the yard; they had had their meal, but hunger was still on their faces, and they were loth to leave this high-built harbor of refuge; if they went down to the gate, they would return just to let the iron helmet-shaped bucket swing down into the well and haul it up and take a last draught of the holy water which St. Francis had drunk of old. They seemed to us to be as careful of the chaste daughter of God—his sister—as ever St. Francis was. He would never pour away any water when he had finished drinking upon ground that could not at once absorb it, lest it should be fouled by men's feet. These peasant visitors, after ducking their heads into the helmet and giving their whole faces a drink, deliberately turned the helmet upside down and sent the remaining contents back into the well. It may have been piety, but it was inconsiderate of those that came after, for that well was the source of all the drinking-water of the monastery.

We had much desired to climb above the monastery to the cliff height called "La Penna" that we might get a view of the valleys lying on the other side of this quaint precipice upon whose southern ledge we were standing, but we knew the light would fall us for the Andrea della Robbias, and deter-

mined to see them before starting for the forest walk. These are worth all the trouble of the journey, for they seem to be the *chef-d'œuvres* of the master's hand. There is one, beautiful but of less interest, on the right hand of the spectator as he enters the church; but for loveliness, for reverence, for the expression of spiritual feeling, we must pass on to the "Annunciation" in the left-hand chapel near the high altar, and marvel as we gaze, not only at the expression of swift impulse given to the announcing angel, who has fallen on one knee as though he was in act to come more near, but at the absolute obedience in the face of Mary the Virgin. The beauty, too, of the form of the jar that holds the lilies did not escape one, nor the delicate finish of the frame of this devout picture in terra-cotta. But the most interesting of Andrea's work was a terra-cotta of the birth of Christ in the chapel opposite. There lay the Babe upon his little couch of new-mown hay; there the mother worshipped upon bended knee; whilst overhead angels, such as Fra Angelico would have drawn, sang their alleluias; and above the scroll whereon the music was written, surrounded by the triumphant choir, was seen the face of God the Father, and in that face sadness for the sorrow that should be. The pathos of that picture and its appeal were wonderful. The careful breaking up of the blue background into shadow by the modelling of clouds was a noticeable feature in all; we saw the same effect later in Andrea's work in the chapel of the Ob-servantia at Siena, and in the hall of the Municipale at Montepulciano.

But we had not yet seen one of the greatest of Della Robbia's works. This was the large altar-piece in the tiny chapel opposite the monastery gate. The brothers were at prayer there, and we had scruples. These were waived as

ridiculous by our cicerone, who, unlocking the gate, escorted us into the dark inner chapel, and, lighting a huge candle, gave us sight of this exquisite and precious work. It is an Assumption of the Virgin with attendant saints and angels—St. Bonaparte receiving from the Virgin the measure for the making of the chapel. A curious adaptation, probably, of the gift of the holy girdle. The spirituality of the faces and the tenderness of the whole terra-cotta made one feel that the artist, Andrea della Robbia, was determined, from love of St. Francis, to excel himself in this work. But I could hardly give my mind to the white faces against the blue ground before me, for other faces almost as moveless against their brown background all round about me. There, with countenance expressionless, vacant, sullen, and sometimes coarse, knelt in silence, as they had knelt for the best part of an hour, the young Franciscans, each in his allotted place, each a prisoner of the Lord, who seemed a prisoner of man, for they were under lock and key. Some had pulled their brown hoods over their heads for warmth's sake, and I saw nothing of their countenances; others gazed upwards as if in a kind of trance; others stared straight into vacancy. This prayer-hour was part of each monkish day's work—one of the rules of their order; but it was painful to witness—tragic in its non-fulfilment of the essential reasonableness of prayer, and pathetic in its apparent failure to obtain its end. The sullenness of those young men's faces, the sort of caged wild-beast look in their eyes, gave one the feeling that here was fanaticism of a certain order, doubtless, but that the love and sympathy for all living creatures which St. Francis taught could not take root in such soil, nor find food-time nor flower-time in such sunless air.

We issued from the chapel, the jailer locked his silent prisoners to their prayers, and we went out into the chill afternoon air. We would seek the liberty of the forest; we would climb the mountain-ridge; we would wander where St. Francis had wandered, where Masseo had seen his visions, and where Brother John of Fermo had in his sorrow met his Lord. A servant of the monastery, with a fox-looking face and a broken spirit, wobbled along in front of us as guide; took us by a difficult path for an hour's walk through a forest of beech and pine, whose quiet was broken only by the thud of the wood-cutter's axe, and now and again by the cry of a woodpecker. We climbed 1200 feet; so dense and airless was the forest that it was tiring work. The path was cut up deeply by wheels of the woodman's wagon, and we were scarcely rewarded for our trudge. There was no wide expanse of view when we gained the broken tower or outlook 4165 feet above sea-level. Far down below us gray and green lay the furrow of the lonely vale, the cradle of the Arno, without sign of man's habitation; a troubled sea of ridges of violet grey rolled towards the north and east, featureless and grim, and hid from sight the birthplace of the Tiber. We left off gazing and walked along the ridges in a westerly direction, and in twenty minutes' time looked down over precipitous crags that gave us a wider view of the more open country east of the monastery cliff. A falcon was seen to leave a ledge below us, and we heard a blackbird's voice. Thence back through the dark woods we came, back through the monastery farm-buildings, in time to find that the faithful monk Cleto had spread his coarse cloth in the little refectory, and was anxiously waiting for us to take our seats that he might bring in the soup.

The dinner cannot be described; for after the soup of bread sopped in saltish water had disappeared, a strange dish was served. Cleto was proud of it, but could not explain it; only as he sighed deeply he would with his finger indicate with pride the choicest morsel, and urge us to gird up the loins of our appetite thereto. One of my friends believes to this day that the dish was "monastery mice in batter." Certainly there were little tailed creatures mixed up with what, after all, may have been artichoke fragments fried in paste. We stuck to our coarse bread and the coarser wine, which was part of some poor neighboring farmer's offering to the monastery, and waited till the next course. It was the last; it seemed to consist of fragments of a pickled shoulder of mutton which had on some former occasion been shorn of most of its meat. Tough, stringy, knobby bits of muscle and fibre were scraped away and laid by the side of the bone and handed round. We took it, for by the light in Cleto's face and his deeper sigh this was something special—a treat only for princes. Poor Cleto! as he sighed I remembered that here at Al Verna St. Francis had sighed before him, and, much tempted in the body of the devil, had lost his accustomed cheerfulness. What form of temptation poor Cleto was undergoing I know not; but sight of mice in batter, and the last fragments of the last mutton bone in a monastery where meat is forbidden, may have been a sorrow's crown of sorrow.

We were not without company or conversation. Frate Joculatore was there; he laughed much. Then at our request Padre Guardiano, the abbot or father of La Verna, came. A big, burly, bull-necked fellow, he looked a little like Luther, and seemed to have the strength of an ox. He told us much of the poverty of the people in

the hill country round; of the thousands of kilos of grain he had distributed since Christmas to prevent death from starvation. He spoke bitterly of the suppression of the monasteries as adding to the destitution of the poor, and as good as said "the tumulti" were a judgment from God for the robbery of the Church; but he denied there was any wish in that neighborhood for revolution, and believed that with fiscal reforms the people would be satisfied with their government. As for Franciscan work, he told us that there were few readers or writers amongst them; art did not exist in the Order, and the old idea of cultivation or redeeming of land had passed away. It was not a hopeful outlook, we thought, and this especially as there was evidently no lack of zeal for St. Francis, nor of recruits for the Order.

The youthfulness of many of the monks we had seen at prayer bore out Padre Guardiano's asseveration that, according to St. Francis's vision, the Order would never die; but when we ventured to hope for reform and a return to the old days of the glory of manual labor such as St. Francis had taught, the padre shook his head. Who knows but that this recruiting of the Franciscans from the peasantry to-day may, after all, be only the outcome of an attempt to escape from manual labor to a world where strict discipline excuses absence of brains as well as indolence for limbs!

We were told we might breakfast on the morrow, and one of our party asked if it would be permissible to have *café-au-lait*. This staggered Cleto. The idea of milk in a Franciscan monastery was too much for him. There was, he said, one cow at the farm below, but that was kept in case of sickness. We were unable to gainsay this, and threw ourselves on the mercy of Padre Guardiano. He, with the magnificence of an emperor, turned to his

brother monks and ordered that cow to be milked for our benefit on the morrow; and then, with a gracious smile and tone that seemed different from the tone and manner with which he ruled the brethren, he bade us good-night.

At eight o'clock the monk with the lantern came to escort the ladies beyond the precincts, and at nine another monk came to lead us of the sterner sex down through the cloisters at the back of the chapel that served as the resting-place of baggage-mules, and smelt of the stable, on to a second or interior cloister, in the upper corridor of which our resting-place was found. We stumbled on over sledges and ploughs and cart apparatus, and gained the stairway; thence entered a corridor hung with cheap prints of scenes in the French Revolution, and were ushered to an apartment that was next door to a similar one which had sheltered royalty. The key was given to us, the candle was lit, and we saw the two huge piles of balloon-like mattresses and blanketing, and the two tiny basins and towels, which, with six inches of mirror, was the furniture of the best spare room the monastery could afford. We were soon asleep, grateful for the simple cleanliness and chance of warmth, and too tired to be waked by the sound of the midnight bell that called our friends from their slumbers for their procession to the Chapel of the Stigmata.

Next morning the swifts screamed so loud as to rouse us from sleep. We went out into the cold cloud that hung in drizzle of fine rain upon the monastery court. We envied the monks their great frieze gown sleeves as we took our seats in the chill refectory. That morning was occupied in watching the ordinary life of the brotherhood. It was a *fiesta*, and peasants came crowding up the steep stone stairway for the dole of bread that would certainly be

theirs. I never quite realized the worth of a loaf of coarse bread as joy-maker till I saw the light come into the faces of some of the women at the monastery gate, and watched them scamper back down the steep stairs to bear it to their dwelling far away. Blessed Francis, how his sad face would have been a moment less sad to see that sight, and to know that, more than six and a half centuries after he left La Verna for ever, La Verna still cares for the poor and fills the hungry with bread!

The cloud passed away and the sun shone out. Suddenly the far-off hills round Bibbiena below us appeared dark Prussian-blue instead of the fairly opalescent cobalt color with which they had been shining. At the same time the heavens darkened and the near waste wilderness at our feet went white as a dead man's face. A low rumble of thunder was heard and lightning flashed. The air, which had been deadly still, seemed in a moment all alive. Birds ceased singing, and the leaves almost crackled with fear as they felt the coming gale. It was on us in a minute, and the hail and the lightning and the roar of heaven's artillery seemed to turn our peaceful convent-yard into a fortress in a state of siege. Then as suddenly the sunlight flashed out of the darkness, and the great forest behind us and the precipice beneath us shone as fiercely as though it were molten gold. I could not help thinking of how, on a far-off day,—that day when St. Francis beheld a seraph descend from heaven with six fiery and resplendent wings,—the shepherds who were watching their flocks were filled with fear and trembling; for, as the old chronicler has it, "Then did all the Monte Alvernia appear wrapt in intense fire which illuminated all the mountains and valleys around, as it were the sun

shining in his strength upon the earth." The thunderstorm passed, but it left a bite in the air which chilled us to the bone. At three we heard the weird chanting at the back of the high altar cease. The strange mixture of lion-growl, bull-roar and human psalmody paused for a moment, and out of the doorways either side issued the procession, headed by the youngest monk bearing aloft a black cross to which the emblems of the Passion were affixed—the spear, the sponge, the scourge, the crown of thorns. So with slow steps and a constantly repeated litany the bare-footed brothers passed down the church into the bleak rainy air, on to the gusty corridor, and away through echoing walls to the Chapel of the Stigmata.

Our horses were waiting us at the *bechia* far below. We made our little votive offering for the kindness and hospitality received, and away from La Verna we went, down from the rain and the chill air and the clinging cloud into the sun and the cheerful moments and joyous life of Nature.—not without admiration for the blind devotion of those followers of St. Francis who wrestle with the storm and wind as well as with the devil on their mount of temptation; and not without hope that the time may come when truer followers of the great apostle of the middle ages may believe, that though on that mountain of ecstasy it is at times good for them to be alone with God, their work for the world lies in the plain below—that they will find their Master not only upon the Mount of Vision, but in the simple levels, the daily life of ordinary working men; that, to paraphrase Whittier—

Saint Francis dwells no more afar
The saint of some great mountain-scar,
But down among the poor and blind,
The maimed and suffering of our
kind;

In works they do, in prayers they
pray,
Life of their lives he lives to-day.

One thing had been made clear to us by our visit to La Verna. The teaching of their great founder, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, has been forgotten. If the Franciscans would but set themselves to become skilled handicraftsmen, they might go through Italy to-day giving back to the people happiness and bread by recovering in the scattered towns and villages the lost arts and crafts for which these towns and villages were once famed, and they would carry the very gospel St. Francis taught them. For he who bade a lazy monk leave the Order with the words, "Go thy way, brother drone," once said, "It is my will that all my brethren learn to labor and exercise themselves in good works, that we may be less burdensome to men and that neither heart nor tongue may go astray for idleness's sake." Nor, though there was one exception, did it seem that the brothers of La Verna had remembered how constantly the founder had called them to joy and gladness, and bade them remember that they were the *joculatores Dei*—God's strolling singers. Let them read chapter xvi. of the "*Speculum Perfectionis*," which treats of how St. Francis blamed a companion who was sad of countenance, and they will feel that their teacher well knew that men would never be won to the religion of Christ by long faces.

We drove as swiftly down as we had come slowly up; the birds sang, the lizards ran, the flowers shone by the roadside; the plains and hills below us appeared more violet-purple, shot with more sunny green and lapis-lazuli than ever they had seemed on the previous day; the driver cracked his whip and whistled; the horses knew

their way homeward; but the charm of that all-golden afternoon, as we passed back to Bibbiena and the country that Mæcenæ loved and Virgil sang of, was not potent to drive away all cloud or banish all sadness. We remembered the sorrowful face of Cleto, the sighing monk, and of the dreary life of sternness, idleness, poverty and prayer we had left behind at La Verna. No wonder St. Francis found many devils to fight at that mountain retreat, though he fought them well. Brother Leo has chronicled for us how "at that time when in the sacred mountain of Alvernia he received the stigmata of the Lord, St. Francis suffered such temptations in his body and tribulations that he was not able to appear as cheerful as was his wont"; and he said to his friend, "If the brethren knew what and how great tribulations and afflictions the demons make for me, there is not one of them who would not be moved with compassion and pity concerning me." I did not know what troubles Brother Cleto had to endure, but from the depths of my heart I pitied that man; and his joyless and careworn face haunts me still. Nor could one get rid of the thought that there in that

mountain-hold—"that devout and solitary place," as Count Orlando called it, where, as the chronicler Thomas de Celano tells us, St. Francis learned "that through muchanguish and many struggles he should enter the kingdom,"—there had been once born noble thoughts to help the world, and noble thoughts that might still help it, for the call to holy poverty is as loud to-day as ever. But the great souls that there first received the holy fire of their consecration to the pattern of Christ, these had passed away. There was no Francis now, no Brother Leo, no Frate Angelo, no James of Massa or John of Fermo, to go from their fortress of prayer to make a dead religion stand upon its feet and shake Europe into spiritual being. Yes, as in thought one stands once again upon that high convent terrace of La Verna, it is not only the sad face of Cleto that haunts one, it is the music of the past that saddens,—

Vague and forlorn,
As from an infinitely distant land.
Come airs and floating echoes, and
convey
A melancholy into all our day.

H. D. Ravensley.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA.

Now that the eyes of the whole world seem destined to turn towards the East, and more particularly to China, where the ethnic drama of the future will probably be played out, a revolt such as that which recently took place in the province of Kwangsi assumes a more than ordinary importance. As to what the causes were which directly led to the rising we are

not in a position to say; about one thing, however, there can be no doubt, namely, that the outbreak was connected with one or more of the Secret Societies with which the whole of China is honeycombed. Though it is true that in walking down a street in Peking or Canton we "survey a living past and converse with fossil men," it is also a fact that, behind those

quiet Chinese eyes there often lurks the possibility of volcanic eruption. To understand this state of things some acquaintance with Celestial annals is requisite.

Authentic history begins with the Chau dynasty, about 1100 B. C., when the Middle Kingdom was split up into several separate and independent states, though they all theoretically acknowledged one chief ruler. This went on for nearly 900 years, until the Chau family was superseded by one of the Tsin family who, upon the subjugation of all the surrounding states, assumed the title of Emperor, and gave to his consolidated kingdom his own name.

It was this first Emperor who built the Wan-li-Chang or Myriad-Mile Wall to protect his people from the Huns or Manchus, for these tribes were constantly making incursions, and, indeed, continued to do so right down to the Sung dynasty in 960 A. D. At last, in the year 1269, one of the Sung emperors in a moment of weakness appealed to the head Khan of the Western Tartars to help him to get rid of the Manchu marauders. The result was the arrival of Kublai Khan with a large army. After driving out the Manchus, Kublai Khan ascended the throne, and, founding the dynasty of Yün, became the first foreign ruler of the Celestial Empire. Nor was this all. Not content with China, he ravaged the whole of Manchuria, so that his dominions finally extended from Korea to Khokan, and from Taimyr to Singapore.

Nearly a hundred years afterwards the dwellers in the Flowery Land were successful in expelling the usurpers, when the Mings began to rule in 1368, and reigned for 246 years. At length, after much misgovernment, a rebellion broke out, and a Chinaman usurped the throne. Then one of the deposed Emperor's generals invoked

the aid of the Eastern Tartars, which led to a seven years' war, and the falling of the sovereignty of the whole realm into the hands of the Manchus. In 1644, having established themselves at Peking, the first representative of the present dynasty, called Tsing, was duly enthroned, and since that time the Sons of Heaven have been under Manchu rule.

Now, ever since the invasion of these Manchu Tartars in the seventeenth century, Secret Societies have been organized in China in order to re-establish national independence. One of these sects, indeed, the San-Ho-Hwei has for its watchword: *Fu Ming! Fan Ching!* "Long live the Ming! Down with the Ching!" The most important are the following:

Pai-Sien-Kyao, Sect of the white Water-Lilies;
 San-Ho-Hwei, Society of the Triad, a branch of the first, which was developed chiefly in the Southern provinces;
 Tien-Ti-Hwei, Association of Heaven and Earth;
 Ching-Sien-Kyao, Sect of the green Water-Lily;
 Ching-Cha-Mên-Kyao, Green Tea Society;
 Hsyao-Tao-Kyao, Little Dagger Society;
 Wên Hsyang Kyao, The Perfume breathing Association;
 Hwang-Mao-Kyao, Sect of the Yellow Bonnet;
 Hung-Yang-Kyao, Red Sun Society;
 Pai-Yün-Kyao, Association of the White Cloud.

Curiously enough, our best information about these sects comes to us from the head of one of the most formidable of the Celestial revolts, known by the irony of fate as *Tai-Ping*, or Profound Peace. The leader of this celebrated outbreak was Hung Siu Tsün, who was born in 1812 in the district of Hwa in Kwangtung, and died in 1864. Beginning life as a schoolmaster, he afterwards became a

fortune-teller, and in the course of his wanderings seems to have gained some knowledge of Christianity, and to have longed not only for personal, but also for national, freedom. He joined a band of the disaffected at Kin Tien in Kwang-si, and founded with Yang Siu Tsing and others a political sect to which he gave the name of Shang-Ti Hwei, "Secret Society of God." In 1850 the standard of rebellion was raised, and Hung Siu Tsün soon found himself leading a whole host of insurgents across Hunan and Hupeh right up to the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang. So great was the success of the movement that on the 19th of March, 1853, Nanking was taken and Hung Siu Tsün was crowned as Tien Wang, "Heavenly King." For many years he was known as the leader of the Tai Ping revolt, but on the 30th of June, 1864, when it was found impossible any longer to defend the city, he committed suicide.

This is the man who said of the Triads:

"Although I never joined the San-Ho-Hwei, I have often heard it said that its object is to overthrow the

Ching dynasty and to set up the Ming. This was a good idea at the time of Kang Hi, when the Society was formed, but now, after two centuries have passed, if we can still speak of overturning the Ching, we cannot well talk of restoring the Ming. Doubtless, when we have recovered our rivers and native mountains, it will be necessary to establish a new dynasty. How can we to-day arouse the energy of our race by speaking of re-establishing the Mings? In the Triad Society there are certain bad practices which I detest. When a new adept enters the Society he must worship the devil and take thirty-six oaths; a naked sword is held over his throat, and he is obliged to give money for the needs of the Society. The real object of its members has now become as unworthy as it is mean."

Perhaps the San-Ho-Hwei still has the greatest vitality, but it is by no means easy to determine the ramifications of these clandestine bodies, and, if the present desire of Western states to annex portions of China be not soon checked by a strong government, it is more than likely that they will all again become active.

Herbert Baynes.

The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

THE LAND OF LOST CONTENT.

Into my heart the air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of Lost Content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

A. E. Housman.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An English bookseller is quoted as saying: "The sex novel is dead, and the women who did things are at a discount." That is cheering news.

Pope Leo XIII. has written an ode, in Latin, on the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, a copy of which, on parchment, and sealed with the Papal arms, is to be presented to the Emperor.

We are promised an anthology of Irish poets, on the general lines of Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets." The editor is Mr. T. W. Rolleston, and Mr. Stopford Brooke is to write the general preface.

The "Collected Poems" of William Watson are announced for early publication by Mr. John Lane, the collection being made complete by Mr. Lane's acquisition of the copyright of two books of Mr. Watson's verse formerly published by the Macmillans.

It is announced that Mr. Watts, R. A., has undertaken a statue of the late Lord Tennyson, which is to be of life size, or larger. The artist is in his eighties, and has already executed an oil portrait of the poet, but approaches his new undertaking with enthusiasm.

No less than six editions of Jane Austen's novels are now in circulation in England. In this country, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are reissuing, in very attractive little volumes, the edition formerly published by Messrs. Roberts Bros.

The original manuscript of "Marmion" and also that of "Waverley" are in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The "Waverley" wants the

leaves of the opening chapter. Six of them were offered to the library several years ago, at the price of \$50 per leaf, but the offer was declined.

M. Zola is turning his exile to literary account by writing an account of his adventures, experiences and observations; but no date is fixed for the publication, for the excellent reason that no one knows how long the exile will last. M. Zola is also writing a book on the Dreyfus case, but the publication of that is also indeterminate, for the same reason.

Announcement is made of a hitherto unpublished volume by Thomas Carlyle. It bears the portentous title of "Historical Sketches of Noted Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I and Charles I," and the studies which it contains were designed for a projected history of the first two Stuart kings of England. The publication is made from the author's manuscript, which was bequeathed to his niece.

The close connection which has often existed between law and literature is newly illustrated in the fact that Mr. R. C. Lehmann of *Punch*, the author of "Mr. Punch's Prize Novelists" and other entertaining volumes, is part author of a "Digest of Overruled Cases"; and Mr. Newbolt, author of "Admirals All" and other spirited ballads, is part editor of a "Consolidated Digest of Cases" which is now approaching completion.

Miss Helen Hay, daughter of our ambassador to England and present secretary of state, seems to have inherited some of her father's poetic gifts. At least, she is the author of a volume entitled "Some Verses," which

is among the autumn announcements of an English house, Messrs. Duckworth & Co. Most of the poems included in the volume are said to have been published in the "Occasional Notes" of the Pall Mall Gazette.

"The Romance of American Colonization" (W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers), is a successful attempt to do a very worthy thing, namely, to give a succinct and graphic account of the forces which shaped and the men who founded each of the thirteen American colonies. The author is Dr. William Elliot Griffis, who is a thorough student in these fields, and who, besides, has a happy faculty of writing directly and interestingly. The book is designed primarily for young readers, but it will be read with profit by many who are older.

An English soldier at Cape Town has thought it necessary, "as representing Tommy Atkins *en masse*," to express the utter disgust felt by the soldiers with the language attributed to them by Rudyard Kipling and his numerous imitators. The first slangy rhyme, "Tommy this and Tommy that" was not so intolerable, according to this critic, but the continual repetition of it he declares to be degrading to the British soldiers as a body, "the majority of whom are creditable scholars, and many among them highly educated men."

The Paris Temps has announced that M. Zola is at work upon a series of four books, the central figures of which are to be the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. This is an error. It is true that M. Zola projects a series of four books, but they are to be novels, bearing the titles "Fécondité," "Travail," "Vérité" and "Justice." The heroes of the novels are the four sons of M. Zola's Abbé

Froment, and the fact that they are given the names of the evangelists accounts for the mistake of the Temps in supposing that the evangelists themselves were the heroes.

A new author is introduced to English-speaking readers in "The Story of Gösta Berling" (Little, Brown & Co., publishers.) This is Miss Selma Lagerdof, who, upon the publication of this book in Sweden four years ago, became at once prominent in literary circles in her own country. She is of peasant origin, but her unusual literary talents brought her to the notice of the Crown Prince, who has greatly aided her by giving her opportunities to study in Italy. These opportunities have borne fruit in her third and latest work "The Miracles of Antichrist," which is pronounced as wonderful a picture of Sicily as her "Gösta Berling" is of northern life. The translator of "Gösta Berling" is Mrs. Pauline Bancroft Flach, granddaughter of the historian Bancroft.

Readers of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's delightful short stories will turn with special interest to "Red Rock," his first novel (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers). They will find it, as described in the sub-title, a "Chronicle of Reconstruction." It deals with the same social and political conditions out of which Judge Tourgee wrought his fiery and impassioned story, "The Fool's Errand," but from exactly the opposite point of view. It lacks the nervous energy of Judge Tourgee's story, but it has interest, whether viewed as fiction or as a sympathetic portrayal of real conditions; and after so long an interval, even those who were most stirred by Judge Tourgee's description of those disturbed times will be glad to learn how the same conditions presented themselves to the political and social leaders of the South.

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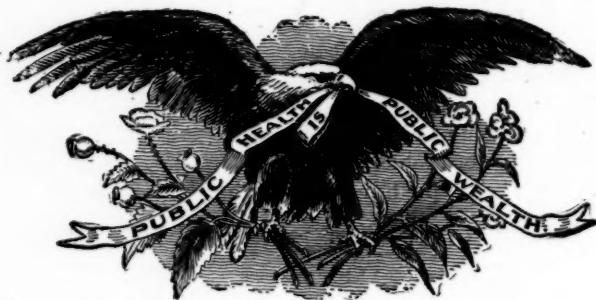
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